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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

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Price Ten Cents.



A NEWSPAPER MAN'S PLIGHT.

CORRESPONDENT JAKE HIRSH COWHIDED BY INDIGNANT LIZZIE GONZALES, AN ACTRESS, IN DENVER, COL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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HONOR TO SULLIVAN.

The American public is not fickle, as our friends, the enemy, would lead us to believe. For many years John L. Sullivan has been its hero, and it has worshipped at his shrine. Sullivan fell, and a new champion leaped to the front, but the public did not abandon its old love. While it was quick to do honor to the new, it still paid homage to the old champion.

Though defeated, Sullivan still has a warm place in the hearts of Americans, and they proved their loyalty at his recent benefit in Madison Square Garden. Thousands crowded into this great amphitheatre to do him honor, and thousands cheered his name from the streets. The occasion was propitious and the testimony fitting. Had Sullivan been the conqueror, instead of the conquered, such a manifestation of popular enthusiasm would have been perfectly natural. But being a dethroned king, it was strange, but gratifying, that his old followers rallied around his colors.

Such a manifestation of universal esteem was unknown before in the history of pugilism. Such demonstrations as witnessed in Madison Square Garden on the evening of Sullivan's benefit are usually in the honor of victors. Homage is rarely shown defeated generals. Napoleon fell and was dishonored. Sullivan was dethroned and the public paid him even greater homage than when he was king.

Corbett, the victor, won favor by his manliness. May he continue to deserve the plaudits of the public and uphold America in a pugilistic way. May Sullivan's friends never desert him.

SULLIVAN'S GLORY.

Thousands do Homage to
the World's Ex-Cham-
pion Pugilist.

A MAMMOTH BENEFIT.

Madison Square Garden Filled
with Shouting and Ad-
miring Friends.

FLOWERS AND SPEECHES.

Champion Corbett and Ex-
Champion Sullivan Spar.

SPECTATORS GO NEARLY WILD.

The Biggest Testimonial Ever Given a
Defeated Gladiator.

ALL THE SPORTS WERE THERE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]



HAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the dethroned champion, still has a place in the hearts of the people, was clearly manifest on the evening of September 17, when ten thousand people crowded into Madison Square Garden to do him honor. It was Sullivan's benefit and a monster benefit it was, too.

Dethroned he had been by a youth of modest mien, but of undoubted courage, strength and skill. The uncrowned and his conqueror shook hands before the loyal ones, who made the rafters ring with their cheers.

And from without the vast building came answering cries from 10,000 throats, from men and boys, equally loyal, but who, from stress of circumstance, were unable to enter the charmed enclosure, where the uncrowned king greeted his successor.

Sullivan, the defeated, is as popular as Sullivan, the conqueror. Corbett, the conqueror, obtained for himself a warm spot in the hearts of the people.

The benefit to John L. Sullivan was a remarkable affair. Immensely successful in a financial way, it was also remarkable as a demonstration and as a spectacle. Ten thousand men from all walks of life sat around the roped arena and chanted the praises of Sullivan, the hero of a hundred battles, and applauded the only man who ever trailed in the dust the colors of that hero. Ten thousand more people on the outside of the building rent the air with their hoarse cheers. It was a scene, an occurrence without parallel in the history of sport.

Long before the sun had ceased to glint the rippling waters of the Hudson, and to cast the shadows of the Palisades on that magnificent waterway, the streets surrounding Madison Square Garden were crowded. Men, rich and poor, well-dressed and poorly clad, merchants and gamblers, turfmen and touts, professional men and pugilists, boys big and boys small, were all there striving to gain advantageous positions on the lines to the box offices. And there were women there, too—some apparently wealthy and respectable, some apparently wealthy and some apparently not eminently respectable.

Quiet and sedate women, with their husbands, were in that pushing throng, and they rubbed elbows and brushed skirts with women rouged and loud-voiced. It was a crowd such as only John L. Sullivan could attract. He had awakened morbid curiosity and a peculiar kind of sympathy. The people loved him for his past greatness, and to attest their sympathy they poured dollars into his coffers.

The personal magnetism of the man was never before demonstrated to such an extent. There was no talk, and but little thought of the man who succeeded the great John L. But every one spoke of the massive man from Boston.

As early as 7 o'clock, men who were anxious to pay a tribute of sporting affection to the ex-champion, and at the same time get the worth of their money, by seeing the new champion in the ring with the old-time favorite, were wending their way towards the Garden. A half hour later the four blocks in the centre of which New York's great amusement resort stands, were packed by a solid mass of pushing, jostling humanity. The policemen, who were stationed at the numerous entrances, had all they could do to handle the thousands who sought admission.

Life of John L. Sullivan.—Handsomely illustrated with Photographs and Engravings. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

Inside the big structure the seats and boxes filled up quickly, and by 8 o'clock nearly all the chairs in the amphitheatre were occupied. Before 9 o'clock a row of men five deep were standing behind the chairs. In the boxes and some of the upper seats there was a sprinkling of the fair sex—fair in the sense that they were comely to look upon.

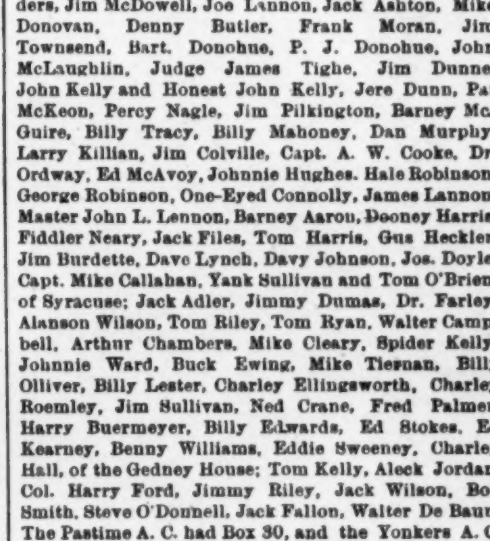
Prominent sporting men from all over the country brushed sleeves with sturdy business men in every



CORBETT CALLS ON SULLIVAN AT HIS HOTEL.

walk of life. The race track tout occupied the seat next to the owner of fast horses, who sends his thousands into the ring every day. The poor clerk, who will stint himself for a week because of the money he had to pay for a ticket, gazed in silent admiration at the big men who went to New Orleans, and lost or made a fortune on the three big fights.

Among the crowd were: Christopher C. Clarke, Manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, Frank White, Tom Clark, Wm. E. Harding, John Lawrence, the man who trained and seconded John Morrissey; Phil and Mike Dwyer, Dick Roche, Mattie Corbett, Al. Smith, Butch Thompson, Teddy Foley, Judge Dick Newton and Judge Henry Sutherland of Coney Island; Conrad Stuenkel, Bob Southerland, Charles Kurth, John Ryan, Jim Brown, Bill Malloy of New Rochelle, Jim Farrell, John Sheehan, Aldermen Broderick and Lally of Yonkers; Pat Duffy of New Orleans; John Duffy, the Olympic Club referee; C. H. Genslinger of New Orleans; Geo. B. Clarke of Chicago; Al Spink of St. Louis; Supt. Byrnes, Inspector Williams, Buck Beccannon, J. Dunne, John Ryan of Brooklyn; Charles Johnston, Jim Wakely, Phil Lynch, M. Clune, M. Cowen, Jockeys Fred Tarr, Snapper Garrison, George Miller and Jimmy McLaughlin, Starter Jimmy Rowe, John Keating of Jersey City, Alec. McGilchry, Josh Gregg, Dr. Joseph Meyer of Brooklyn, Paul Koch, George Koch, Capt. Gorman, John Colyer of Newark, Dr. Blien, Mike Doyle, Martin Dowling, Herbert Carpenter, Jimmy Patterson, Billy Madden, Gus Tuthill, Tom Cummings, Teddy Carroll, Enoch Smith, L. Levi, Edmund and William Stanton, of Troy; B. W. Murphy, of Meriden; Jim and Walter McNally, H. Victor, Jim Lavelle, George Higgins, Terry Sharkey, Dan Desmond, M. A. McShane, John Leo, Tom Egan, Phil. Butler, Alec. Brown, Jack McDonald, Eddie McDonald, Billy Burke, Jack McAuliffe, Con. McAuliffe, Jack Shelly, Martin Kirby, John Wood, Mike Minden, Jack Elliott, Bobby Beck, P. J. Ring, Ollie McStee, George Burrell, Dr. Charles J. Perry, Pete Delacey, Benny Barr, Frank Reynolds, Jim Cassidy, C. Hall, Tom Green, J. Saunders, Jim McDowell, Joe Lunnon, Jack Ashton, Mike Donovan, Denny Butler, Frank Moran, Jim Townsend, Bart. Donohue, P. J. Donohue, John McLaughlin, Judge James Tighe, Jim Dunne, John Kelly and Honest John Kelly, Jere Dunn, Pat McKeon, Percy Nagle, Jim Pilkington, Barney McGuire, Billy Tracy, Billy Mahoney, Dan Murphy, Larry Killian, Jim Colville, Capt. A. W. Cooke, Dr. Ordway, Ed McAvoy, Johnnie Hughes, Hale Robinson, George Robinson, One-Eyed Connolly, James Lannon, Master John L. Lennon, Barney Aaron, Deoney Harris, Fiddler Neary, Jack Files, Tom Harris, Gus Heckler, Jim Burdette, Dave Lynch, Davy Johnson, Jos. Doyle, Capt. Mike Callahan, Yank Sullivan and Tom O'Brien, of Syracuse; Jack Adler, Jimmy Dumas, Dr. Farley, Alanson Wilson, Tom Riley, Tom Ryan, Walter Campbell, Arthur Chambers, Mike Cleary, Spider Kelly, Johnnie Ward, Buck Ewing, Mike Tierney, Billy Oliver, Billy Lester, Charles Ellingsworth, Charley Roemley, Jim Sullivan, Ned Crane, Fred Palmer, Harry Buermeyer, Billy Edwards, Ed Stokes, Ed Kearney, Benny Williams, Eddie Sweeney, Charley Hall, of the Gedgey House; Tom Kelly, Alick Jordan, Col. Harry Ford, Jimmy Riley, Jack Wilson, Bob Smith, Steve O'Donnell, Jack Fallon, Walter De Baun, The Pastime A. C. had Box 30, and the Yonkers A. C.



CHAMPION AND EX-CHAMPION SHAKE.

Box 32; Dave Gideon, David Tenny Pulsifer, Johnny Campbell, Secretary McIntyre, Sam Whitehead, Billy Reynolds, Dan O'Connor, Arthur Mullins, Dick Ganley, Jack Cusack, Dudley Phinney, Johnny Stack, John O'Regan, Mike O'Brien, Billy Reid, Ed Glover, Dominick McCaffrey and Parson Davies.

It was 8:35 o'clock when Master of Ceremonies John H. Dunne made an opening speech extolling the merits of John L. Jim Corbett and Jack McAuliffe. His mention of these names called forth uproarious applause, and the name of Sullivan set the great crowd frantic. Then the first pair of boxers were introduced. They were Jack Sheridan and Jim French, of Brooklyn. They put up the liveliest kind of a bout, and were applauded to the echo. Their bout was of the exhibition kind, pure and simple, and while they did no damage they made an exciting set-to, and, when they left the stage, were cheered to the echo.

Then came Tom Green and Jack Fallon, of the heavy weight brigade, who gave an exhibition of what they know about boxing. Both were "hog fat and almost fit for killing." Being big bodies, they, of necessity, moved slowly, and failed to arouse any great amount of enthusiasm. They did, however, cause some laughter. Green was a boy in Fallon's hands, and the event was most one-sided.

Gus Goode and Jack Burke, two bantam weights, then had a punching match. They were awkward, but earnest, and punched with a vim.

Then after a long wait Jack Shelly and Johnnie Stuart appeared, being greeted with applause. The Brooklyn boy, who fought George Dixon, looked well and smiled at his numerous friends, who cheered him to the echo, and assured Jack "he is all right." Jack and Johnnie gave a clever exhibition, but it was decidedly light and the crowd was not excited.

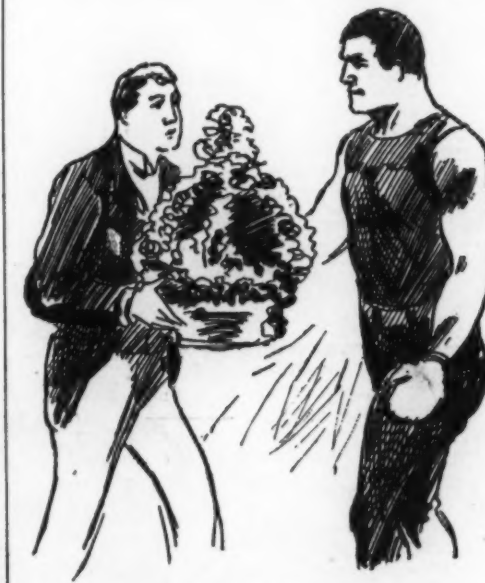
The next pair were Frank Kreis, the "Coffee Cooler," and Bill Terry, of Trenton. The "Coffee Cooler" punched Mr. Terry at will and he was cheered in an uproarious manner.

Eddie Loeber and Kid Hogan were the next pair. They put up a great bout, but the Kid had a shade the best of the go.

The reception to Jack McAuliffe was a warm one. The lightweight champion was cheered to the echo. Jack's sparring partner was Jimmy Nelson. They put up a clever set-to and were cheered.

It was a few minutes before 10 o'clock when the ex-champion emerged from his dressing-room at the Fourth Avenue end of the Garden. When he made his appearance the crowd arose as one man and cheered him to the echo. John L. wore a green shirt and black trunks. When he stepped into the ring an elegant basket of flowers was handed over the ropes. He took them, examined them, and then handed the basket back. In the meantime there was such an uproar in the Garden as has never been heard there before.

Sullivan walked to the centre of the ring, crossed his



SULLIVAN PRESENTED WITH A FLORAL PIECE.

arms and waited for the applause to subside. The appearance of Corbett at this juncture only sufficed to increase the cheers, and when he advanced to the center of the ring and extended his hand to Sullivan, there was an uproar that shook the very rafters.

Corbett walked to his corner, and it was fully three minutes before John L. could make himself heard. When the applause had died out somewhat "three cheers for John L." were proposed and given with a will. After this Sullivan, with his arms crossed delivered the following speech in a deep bass voice.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I thank you one and all very kindly for this reception. It being a reception on my defeat, I have nothing to say but bestow good honors on the present champion. If he will but continue in the right path he will be champion as long as I was. He is an American, and I want to see him hold it. I was defeated and have no excuses to make. When a defeated man begins to make excuses he makes the mistake of his life."

When John L. had concluded, there were cries of "Corbett, Corbett, Corbett."

Corbett was very natty in a new pair of white trunks and with his colors for a belt. He arose and in a mild voice started to address the crowd. There were cheers and cries of "louder," but Jim is not a great speaker and could not "fill the hall." He spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you it gives me great pleasure to be here to spar for the benefit of Mr. Sullivan, whom I admire. I hope to be able to defend the title of champion as long as he did, and, if I only do half as well as Mr. Sullivan, I shall be satisfied. At all events, I shall try to retain the title."

The champion and ex-champion then took the scratch, shook hands cordially and boxed three rounds. Neither indulged in hard hitting, but in scoring for points Corbett had the best of the argument. He clearly demonstrated his superiority as a boxer, and had John "guessing" from start to finish. While not a punching match in any sense of the word, it was a clever and interesting bout, and at the end the gladiatorial champion of the past and he of the present were surrounded by a yelling mob of admirers, who fought with each other to get nearest the famous John L. and the new premier of the squared arena.

Prof. John Duffy, of New Orleans, who has officiated as referee at nearly every big fight held at the Olympic Club, tried his level best to get here in time for the benefit. His train was late, however, and he had to make the best of it. He sent this message:

"John L. Sullivan:
"Arrived after midnight, too late for benefit. Very sorry, for I wanted to be there. Will see you during the week. Good luck."
JOHN M. DUFFY."

Duffy was banqueted by Matt Clune at Delmonico's. On Sept. 19 he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Elegant Photographs of James Corbett and John L. Sullivan, satin finished, cabinet size, 10 cents each. The best and cheapest photographs of the great pugilists on the market. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

On September 19, in Madison Square Garden, New York, Frank Moran, John L. Sullivan's manager, received a check for \$8,090.37, drawn on the Fifth Avenue National Bank of this city, as the ex-champion's share of the proceeds of his testimonial, which was held last Saturday night. The check was made payable to the order of Frank Moran and signed by William H. Wharton.

Corbett Calls on Sullivan.

Previous to the benefit Corbett, accompanied by his manager, William H. Brady, called on Sullivan at the Vanderbilt Hotel. The ex-champion, at the time, was seated quietly in a chair near the window discussing



SULLIVAN'S ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS.

some personal business with his manager, Frank Moran.

As soon as the champion and ex-champion espied each other they at once shook hands in a brotherly way, just as if there never existed any animosity between them. They stood in the center of the room with hands clasped firmly for fully a minute, when both broke the silence almost simultaneously. "Why, how do you do?" Then both assured the other that they were doing nicely, and after an informal chat, a "couple of bottles" were ordered, and both drank to each other's health.

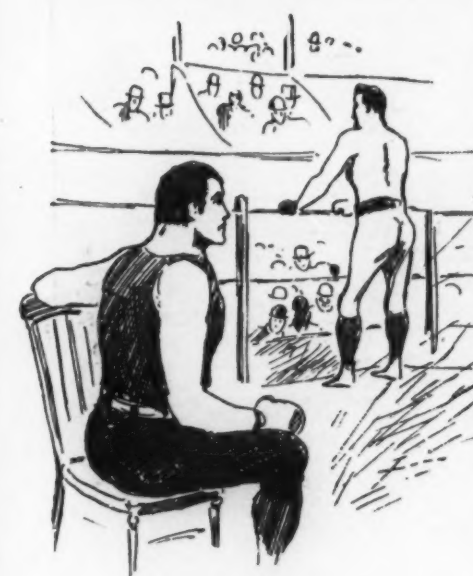
Manager Brady then stepped forward and extended his hand to Sullivan, but the latter imperiously shoved it away. "I don't know whether I ought to shake hands with you or not," said Sullivan gruffly. "You have always been saying things against me which were just the same to me as an insult."

Brady replied that all he had ever said against him was simply in the course of business, and that John should not take any notice of it at all. Brady assured Sullivan that he had great respect for him, and hoped that all differences between them would be thrown to the winds.

A smile played around Sullivan's face when Brady had concluded, but the big fellow at last grasped the outstretched hand of Corbett's manager and shook it warmly. Some more wine and cigars were brought, and all hands indulged in a friendly chat and smoke. Corbett and Sullivan talked over their plays, plans, etc., and each wished the other much success.

Sullivan, who is looking as fine as silk, and appears to be enjoying good health, was very much pleased with Corbett's visit. He expressed himself as being sorry when Corbett said that he would have to leave in order to appear at a matinee performance at the Columbus Theatre in Brady's play, "Sport McAllister." He thanked Corbett again and again for the visit, and said that he hoped to see him again soon. Corbett then left with his manager. Later in the afternoon Sullivan and his manager took a drive, and then went to the Garden, the big fellow being in a particularly happy frame of mind. Corbett and Brady, after the matinee, were dined by the Tenderloin Club.

On the morning after the benefit Sullivan, accompanied by his faithful Japanese valet, Billy Pond; Jack Ashton, his sparring partner, and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Lennon, left for Providence on the 12:30 o'clock train over the shore line of the New Haven Railroad. The big fellow was in exuberant spirits, and chatted continually about the way the kind New Yorkers and his friends had



CORBETT MAKES A SPEECH.

turned out to do him homage at his testimonial. He expressed himself kindly toward Corbett, and wished him again all the prosperity that is in store for him.

Sullivan as an Actor.

At Providence, R. I., on Sept. 19, John L. Sullivan made his debut as Captain Harcourt in his new play "The Man from Boston."

A deafening cheer went up as he made his appearance in the first act, and his many admirers refused to allow the play to continue until he had made a speech. He stepped to the footlights, stroked his mustache and said: "Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you one and

all for this kind reception. It proves to me that I am not forgotten in Providence, after all."

Then he took his place again among his company and the play progressed. John L. as an actor was a decided success, and, if the members of his company had known their lines as well as he, the first night's performance would have been even more of a success than it was.

John has the role of the hero to play, and his rendition of the part assigned him was a surprise to his many friends. As far as he is concerned he is all that could be desired and more than meets the expectations of those who have seen him on the stage before.

His voice is clear, his articulation distinct, his movements easy and graceful, and, all in all, John can be said to be an actor of no mean ability, but is sadly handicapped by having inferior support and a play which will bear bracing up in several parts.

The third act could easily be eliminated, especially as Sullivan has little to do in it. In the fourth act comes the boxing bout with Jack Ashton, in which John shows all of his old-time agility and pleases the gallery gods as of old, and the curtain drops with Ashton down and out.

Sullivan was accorded a great ovation. Steve McMahon and License Commissioner Dennis McCarthy occupied a box and presented him with a large floral horse shoe, and other admirers in the audience had a large floral harp pushed up over the footlights at the end of the first act, when John was bowing and blushing at his third encore.

Taken all in all, John L.'s friends who witnessed the performance predict a big success for him as "Capt. Harcourt" in "The Man from Boston."

Corbett's Reply to Mitchell.

In speaking of Charley Mitchell's recent challenge, Jim Corbett said—"To begin with, Mitchell is a bluffer and a bully who is not on the level at any stage of the game. Therefore I fear that this challenge is like



SULLIVAN AND CORBETT SPAR.

others which have emanated from him, full of wind and bluff and only an advertising dodge." I sincerely hope, however, that the writer is in earnest this time so that I can get a chance to show him up and give him what he richly deserves—a mighty good licking. Of all the boxers in the world to-day Mitchell is the most contemptible. He is a common barroom thug who fights through the papers and not in the ring, but if he sets his feet on American soil he will have to make a match with me or return to England in a hurry branded as a coward.

"Mitchell, I think issued the challenge for the purpose of advertising himself and coming here to tour the country, grab all the good American dollars he can lay hands on and return to England without fighting. He will see what a grievous mistake he has made if he comes here. Although it will be impossible for me to fight for a year—a fact by the way which Mitchell had in mind when he wrote his challenge—owing to theatrical engagements, I will make him post a forfeit of \$5,000 with any responsible newspaper in New York City and force him to sign articles to fight me as soon as my engagements terminate. My reason for asking Mitchell to post \$5,000 is to make sure of getting a fight with him. If he were to post only a small amount he could get up a show, make a lot of money and skip back to England and forfeit the amount posted. With \$5,000 up Mitchell could not afford to take any such chance and it would show that he meant business."

Trainer Delaney was very much elated over Mitchell's challenge. He said: "Corbett will call that English trickster down, as he was never called down before, when he comes here. Jim will make him fight and beat him easily to boot. It is about time the English bluffer was corked up. He has been allowed too much away. Corbett will only have to train a month to lick Mitchell."

Corbett added that he would not under any condition recognize Goddard's deposit or challenge until Goddard had fought either Peter Jackson or Charley Mitchell.

"A Guilty Love," one of the latest of Fox's Sensational Series, No. 6, is having an immense sale. It is spicy, sensational and handsomely illustrated. Price: 10 cents, by mail. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

"Mitchell," said Corbett, "fought a draw with Sullivan when the latter was champion, and I think Mitchell is entitled to more consideration than Goddard, any day. At any rate, I am earnest in my determination not to fight for another year. Probably at the end of that time I will have something to say to Goddard. About him claiming the championship if I refuse to meet him is nonsensical. The public is aware that nowadays one must battle in the ring for that title. It surely cannot be gained by bluffs and idle talk."

Corbett further said that he is beginning now to learn the drawbacks attached to the title of heavyweight champion of the world. He claims that he is nearly driven to death by persons anxious to shake hands and talk with him.

Some of the Winners.

Sporting men are still discussing the three great battles in New Orleans on Sept. 5, 6 and 7. Those who won money are jubilant, while those who lost have nothing but words of praise for the victors. Here are the remarks of some of the winners:

George Look, of El Paso, Texas, won \$10,000 on a combination in New Orleans on McAuliffe, Dixon and Corbett. Look is a great patron of sports, and he is one of the leading sporting men of El Paso.

Luke Arnold, the well-known turfman and proprie-



M. Netherton, of the Chicago Herald—"I backed Myer and Corbett, and quit even."

Milton B. Ochs, Managing Editor of the Chattanooga Times, says the POLICE GAZETTE is the prize ring organ of America.

Major J. D. Stripling, of Birmingham, Ala., is one of



LADIES CHEER THE EX CHAMPION.

the best known sporting men in that city. He backed McAuliffe and Corbett heavily. He would not back Dixon because he is a colored fighter, but he thought from what he read in the POLICE GAZETTE that he would win.

Harry Maynard, of Jacksonville, Fla., said Sullivan had been great man in his day, but he met a better man.

H. L. Childress, of Chattanooga, said he backed Corbett because Sullivan was drinking.

J. J. O'Neill, the prominent New Orleans sporting man, backed McAuliffe, Dixon and Corbett and won heavily.

Harrison, the great bookmaker of New Orleans, won \$15,000 on Corbett.

Tom Wilson of Vera Cruz, said—"Sullivan is stale. He might have been a great fighter but his day is past. When he did hit he hit harder, but Corbett's wonderful quickness and great cleverness as a boxer prevented him from landing effectively."

Police Captain Barrett had a bit of an opinion to express—"I think as every one else does. There is no chance for a variety of opinions. The battle was all one way."

Little Johnny Griffin seemed pleased with the result. "The profession will be elevated by Corbett's victory," he remarked. "I am glad he won."

F. J. Cooke of Sandusky, O., said—"Sullivan cannot fight any more. Corbett would have beaten him in his best day."

Jack Dowd, the well known turfman of Gloucester, N. J., not only won heavily on the three big fights at New Orleans, but he nearly broke several of the bookmakers in New Orleans by backing Little Nell, Golden Reel, Elkton and Belisarius. Dowd headed a big delegation from Gloucester.

W. A. Hawley, of Bellaire, O., was a big winner on Corbett.

FRAIL WOMEN DON WAR PAINT

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) Tom O'Dea, a Sioux City, Ia., lawyer, was recently horsewhipped and rotten-egged by two women of Fourth street, in the business part of that city. Some time ago O'Dea instituted proceedings against a number of disreputable women to drive them from the city.

When the cases were called they were dismissed on O'Dea's motion. The defendants and court officials charged him with blackmail.

They say he went to the women and told them that if they would employ G. W. Kellogg to defend them and pay his fee in advance he would dismiss the cases. Florence Winters and Lora Foldren refused to be bled. He instituted extra proceedings against them.

Armed with rawhides, they drove to his office and sent the driver up to call O'Dea down to the street. When he appeared they jumped on him. His eyes were blackened and his face was badly bruised before he could get away.

He started to run, and his assailants followed, pelting him with bad eggs until he dodged into a hallway and sought refuge in an office. The women then drove away and were unmolested.

HIS LIPS SEALED BY DEATH.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) Wilbur F. Warner, a wealthy resident of Kirkwood, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo., was awakened the other night by some one moving about below. Looking over the bannisters, he saw a man examining the hats on the hatrack. Warner, who was armed with a double-barrelled shotgun, raised the weapon and let go both barrels at the intruder, who, with a groan, staggered from the front door. A moment later two more reports were heard, and then a wagon was driven hurriedly away. A search was made, and the dead body of the burglar was found lying near the house. The charges from Mr. Warner's gun had tore a large hole in the man's stomach. Through his brain was a pistol bullet. He was recognized as Henry Hall, a respected citizen of Des Peres, a little village adjacent to Kirkwood. The most plausible, and the generally accepted theory, is that Hall's companions, when they found him fatally wounded, and discovery unavoidable, put a bullet through his brain to end his sufferings and prevent him telling what he knew.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S FLIGHT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) Jake Hirsh, a correspondent for Chicago and New York papers, was horsewhipped and badly punished in Denver, Col., the other night by a Philadelphia actress named Lizzie Gonzales, now filling an engagement in that city.

Miss Gonzales resented some scurrilous items Hirsh wrote in his papers. She procured a black-snake, and when Hirsh made his appearance flew at him, bringing down the whip with the force of an old-time ox driver and raising blisters at every blow. Then reversing the whip, she smashed his nose with the loaded butt. Hirsh then endeavored to clinch with her, and was worsted.

Cabinet Photographs of Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer, mailed to any address, on receipt of 10 cents each. They are splendidly finished. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



SULLIVAN ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.

James Donnelly, who keeps the Shamrock Hotel at Lancaster, Pa., and who is a breeder of game fowls, won \$5,000 on McAuliffe and Dixon.

Ignatz A. Freund, of Detroit, Mich., said he backed Jack McAuliffe and George Dixon.



HARRIET VERNON,

VIVACIOUS AND VERSATILE, BRIGHT AND BREEZY, ONE OF THE FASCINATING STAGE SIRENS OF LONDON.



FRAIL WOMEN DON WAR PAINT.

A COUPLE OF SIOUX CITY, IA., DEMI-MONDAINS HORSEWHIP AND ROTTEN-EGG LAWYER O'DEA, WHOM THEY ACCUSE OF BLACKMAIL.



HIS LIPS SEALED BY DEATH.

BURGLAR HALL, WOUNDED UNTO DEATH BY WILBUR WARNER, OF KIRKWOOD, MO., IS FINISHED BY HIS COMPANIONS IN CRIME.



IN THE GRASP OF A MISCREANT.

A RUFFIANLY BRUTE TEARS MRS. BROOKS' BABE FROM ITS MOTHER'S ARMS AND THEN TRIES TO ASSAULT THE WOMAN, NEAR BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



SHE STRUGGLED AGAINST ODDS FOR HONOR.

A YOUNG RUFFIAN, M'GILLICUDDY BY NAME, ATTEMPTS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MISS AGNES HOELLE, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

MASKS AND FACES.

Harrigan, Evans and Hoey--
Fizzles and Furores.

TIMELY STAGE TOPICS.

Hyde and Behman--Gay Girls'
Gags--Pastor, Bial, Koster.

LAURA MAPLESON'S BAG.

There have been two undoubted fizzles in town. Pauline Hall, in "Puritania," at the Fifth Avenue, is one.

Lottie Collins, at the Standard, with that stupid "Ta-ra-ra," is the other.

As I have often said Pauline Hall is a lucky and handsome accident, who has never acted much, and who never could sing at all. Louise Beaudet takes all the honors from her. It was with facile grace that Beaudet sang the pretty song which McLellan had written for her. She is a self-conscious maiden, of the fashion of latter day operas, and she analyzes her feelings. On one occasion she is startled, but con-



PAULINE.

trols herself, and recalling her mother's advice, sings:

No matter what happens, said she,
Preserve an unchangeable face,
A look of surprise
In a pretty girl's eyes
Could almost be called a disgrace.
And so, though I'm quite overwhelmed,
And ought to look frightened—I don't;
So great is my dread
I could stand on my head,
But my mother said don't—and I won't.

Lottie Collins fell dead flat in spite of ushers in the house, and press agents—even lenient critics—found her neither over young nor over pretty on the outside. The lady may do in London, but she won't go in New York. We have twenty soubrettes among us who can sing that song better than Collins. Mamie Gilroy, who sang it in "Tuxedo," made much more out of the idiotic tune. Of course, Collins introduced some new topical allusions.

Dr. Jenkins, bright and gay, met us in the lower bay. Said he, "My friends, you'll have to stay to see if you'll get the cholera."

A pretty plight, you must admit, but still it plagued us not a bit.

We said it's only for one day, let's sing to pass the hours away.

Tara-ra boom-de-ay.

On the deck we all did lay, children, women, night and day.

All the time I lay awake thought I to myself: "This takes the cake."

Newspaper boats came night and day to find out what we had to say.

Dr. Jenkins said they got too gay, but they winked their eye and to him did say.

Tara-ra boom-de-ay.

As the weary hours they passed, our spirits they gave out at last.

On the Stonington we all were cast, like a lot of sheep, to sleep and fast.

We all got down to Great South Bay, but a howling mob drove us away.

And the Sheriff, wasn't he a joy! the wind through his whiskers seemed to say.

Tara-ra boom-de-ay.

Now I've landed on the shore, on the Hamburg line I'll sail no more.

For putting us in such a plight. I think I've said enough to-night.

But there's one who is so just and grand, 'twas through him we all did land.

Gov. Flower is your Great Old Man, and for votes he did not care a —

Tara-ra boom-de-ay.

Evans and Hoey are at the Bijou and striking "A Parlor Match" as hard as they can strike. Minnie

son is as quietly loyal to Pastor as ever. Frank Blair and Edith Murilla went to Koster & Bial's the other night to hear Vanzoni sing "Georgie" and they say it is the cleverest thing in its way they have ever heard.

Photographs of Actresses.—Send a two-cent stamp, to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

French, Madge Yorke, Lillie Alliston are artistic. Hoey comes out in a new coat of extravagantly caricatured cut and sings a new song about the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. I like Hoey more than ever since I have heard how generous he was to Jim



YOLANDE.

Thornton. I'll give you a few of the verses of his latest song later on.

Harrigan is back at his old stand with a revival of "Squatter Sovereignty," and John Wild, Mrs. Yeamans, George Merritt and Jos. Sparks to help him. Ada Lewis, the tough girl, did not duplicate her former success. Fannie Batchelder is a stylish lass. Dave Abraham was as melodious as ever and Mart Hanley as young.

The Metropolitan Opera House is a charred and gloomy ruin. Theatres has been begging the directors to rebuild it.

And there's the ballet! What would life
For you be worth without those legions
Of dainty, delicate and bright
Young dancers from Italian regions?
Think what your vandal course implies!
Ah! you yield! I thought you would!
You'll build another Opera!
You find my reasoning is good?
Don't drive the Muses out of doors
To wander on from Hall to Hall,
Until they weary of our style
And hasten to escape our thrall;
But house them in a palace where
Fair ladies may in rich dress shine:
Where Youth and Love and Joy may meet
And list to harmonies divine.

But the directors of the Metropolitan have decided not to rebuild, so Wagner, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Seidl and Damrosch will have to seek other quarters.

Besides Pauline Hall's nerve and Lottie Collins' insipidity, we have now in town as novelties Mrs. Laura Schurmer Mapleson's new dog v. lise; allow me to explain this prima donnaesque contrivance.

The Princess of Monaco presented Mrs. Mapleson with a beautiful little Russian dog, very black and very shaggy. He is tailless—absolutely—and has long ears and keen little black eyes. When the Maplesons arrived the customs examiner picked up a valise after examining the other luggage.

"Where is the 'one dog' which Col. Mapleson declared he had?" he asked.

"In the bag you have," responded Mrs. Mapleson, and, loosening a catch, the front of the apparent valise fell down, disclosing a wire net work, behind which reposed the little dog.

He had been here before with Mrs. Mapleson a year ago, and, consequently, she didn't have to pay any duty for him.

The apparatus was designed by Mrs. Mapleson, and it would be a cunning car porter or hotel clerk who would see "dog" in the innocent-looking Gladstone bag.

"I thought of patenting the idea," Mrs. Mapleson said yesterday, "but I finally concluded to let those who might wish to profit thereby do so."

Hyde & Behman, Tony Pastor and Koster & Bial are doing a flourishing business. Archie Ellis promises striking attractions at Hyde & Behman's. Carver Cline uses big adjectives for Koster & Bial. Harry Sander-



LAURA.

Tompkins, Gilmore, and Van Dusen still bless the luck and business management which made them put on "The Black Crook" at the Academy of Music. The show is a gigantic go. Tormaghi, the danseuse, is young, pretty and most clever. This is an age of high kick and luscious leg in theatricals. The high kicker as she is tritely termed, is purely *fin de siècle*. I doubt that in her wildest measures a bacchante ever displayed such a reckless pair of heels as are represented now-a-days. But this is an age that loves great altitudes—high figures in fortunes, high Cs in singing, high times in pleasure and high kicking on the stage, to say nothing of high flavors in the cuisine and the highly emotional in literature. The high kicker is not a mere vulgar display. She is the legitimate offspring of our high-pressure system.

Carl Rosenfeld received an ovation the night he presented the Idylitians in "Candy" at the Union Square Theatre. The ovation was deserved. Not only are the diminutive actors artists, but they show a mélange of acting, ballet and spectacle that is certain to please the most varied of audiences.

The thoroughfare is full of busy people. The season is about to begin. The theatres are crowded. The election excitement has had no appreciable effect on audiences. You seldom hear allusions to Cleveland, Hill or Harrison even in topical songs. Gilbert in "Sinbad" does more of that than any comedian in town. Hopper has an occasional hint in "Wang" that



LOTTIE.

we are in politics. But Hopper and Gilbert are exceptions.

Edgar Strakosh is booming Cyril Tyler, a remarkable boy soprano.

Abs Hummel, Laura Schirmer, Grace Filkins, Mrs. Jerome Eddy and Mrs. E. E. Kidder, were among the first night notables at the opening of "Puritania" at the Fifth Avenue.

Herrmann is at his own theatre as mystifying as ever.

Byron plunged well at the Grand Opera House.



TOM.

I hear that John Drew did well as a star in Milwaukee, and Bellow and Potter pleased in Boston.

Leo Harrison in "The Isle of Champagne" writes cheerfully from Philadelphia in spite of the war there twixt newspapers and managers.

Tom Leary, the comic balladist of Frisco, has been letting himself loose on Corbett:

The great battle's over, the country's at peace,
And we know who's the champion to-day;
He's youthful and clever, our own native son,
So for him let's shout "hip-hip-hooray."
He deserves great applause for his courage displayed,
And bold Sullivan's plans he upset;
He will now be the rage in the clubs on the stage,
The world's new champion, our own Jim Corbett.

CHORUS

Then here's to brave Corbett,
That handsome young man,
Here's to brave Corbett
Who beat Sullivan.
The pride of Hayes Valley,
The Olympic Club's pet,
Pompador Jim,
The world's champion Corbett.

They claimed him too light to enter the ring
With the man of a Hercules frame;
But undaunted was he, he laughed in his sleeve,
Saying: "You bet I'll get there just the same."
Toll father and mother their boy is all right,
Rest easy and for me don't fret;
For the champion I'll be of this land of the free,
And 'Frisco will be proud of the name of Corbett.

I have always admired Dixey's taste in the matter of women. He always manages to surround himself with pretty specimens of femininity. Yolande Wallace is more than pretty: she is luxuriously voluptuous. Her anterior amplitude and her frontal fascination are such as poets write about and bald heads rave over. Finlayson and Schneider seem jejune when Yolande is around.

J. M. Hill, the gamiest of metropolitan managers, has launched Marie Tempest on her stellar career. The little prima donna appears in "The Fencing Master," by Smith and De Kooten, and will again prove that she is one of the best equipped comic opera comedienettes on the stage.

I wonder whether it's McLellan, Roper or Pierson who is guilty of this verse on the tragedian.

I am known as "The Tragedy King"
From Maine to Kalamazoo;
My praises the populace sing
Whenever I happen in view.
(Whatever I tell you is true,
I'm truthful or nothing—that's me!)
As a Hamlet I'm greater than Bos—
But, I say, will you loan me a V?

I played in Hoboken last spring.
At a "sal" of a thousand or two;
I had the whole town on the string,
Ye gods! what houses I drew!
Every time I appeared at my cne
The audience cheered me in glee,
Which, of course, was only my due—
But, I say, will you loan me a V?

Old man, can't you give me a swing?
I've just walked from Pokenville, N. G.,
After all, horseplay is the thing—
Old fellow, do loan me a V!

Law Rosen

FOUND HIS WIFE IN A DIVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About two years ago John Dohm, of Louisville, Ky., married Minnie Louis, the belle of Aurora, Ind. They went to Louisville to live, where Dohm opened a saloon. The other day the young wife told her husband she was going to visit friends in Aurora. Not hearing from his wife the husband went to Aurora to find her. There he was informed that Mrs. Dohm had not been there. He then went to Cincinnati, O., and visited all the houses of ill-fame. Entering Lydia Gibson's joint on George street he found his wife seated in the parlor. She was dressed in one of those loud costumes worn by inmates of the resort. Her face was painted and she appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the life she was leading until she saw her husband. Then she fell upon her knees and begged forgiveness. The husband was prevented from doing her an injury by a policeman. After awhile Dohm weakened and took his wife home.

IN THE GRASP OF A MISCREANT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Nora Brooks, of Bloomfield, N. J., was brutally assaulted the other night near the Newark city line by an unknown man. The woman was returning to her home from Newark, where she had been shopping. She had her six-months' old babe in her arms. When near Erb's Park a man sprang from behind a clump of trees, and, grabbing the child, tore it from the mother's arms and threw it into the road. He then tried to assault the woman, who fought desperately and screamed at the top of her voice for help. A passing horse car frightened the miscreant away. The driver and conductor of the car went to Mrs. Brooks' assistance and placed her aboard the car. They found the baby lying in the middle of the street and brought it to its mother. It was seriously if not fatally injured. The police are searching for the ruffian.

HOWARD TRUMP.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we reproduce an excellent portrait of Howard Trump, a gentleman well-known in Fulton county, N. Y., as a clever sprinter and all-around athlete. Mr. Trump is a resident of Gloversville, where he has a host of friends and admirers. He is a member of the Neptune Hose Company, and has done good work as a fire laddie. For years past Trump has held the running championship of Fulton county. He is of a genial disposition and readily makes friends. That Howard is a "Trump" by name and nature is the unanimous opinion of all who are fortunate enough to number him among their acquaintances.

DEATH OF MISS HATTIE LESLIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of the late Hattie Leslie, the POLICE GAZETTE's champion female boxer, who died suddenly in Milwaukee, Wis., on Sept. 24. Miss Leslie was one of the most popular women boxers in the world. She had met and bested the foremost of her class. She had a standing challenge to meet any female in the world in a boxing contest, either to a finish or a limited number of rounds, for any reasonable amount. The circumstances of Miss Leslie's death were not known as we went to press.

PROF. HARRY SEFTON, THEATRICAL MANAGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found an accurate portrait of Prof. Harry Sefton, the well-known theatrical manager. Sefton and Watson's Comic Opera and Vaudeville Companies, are favorably known throughout the country. Prof. Sefton is a hustler and has a way of "getting there" with both feet.

EDWARD N. FLOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found a striking likeness of Edward N. Flood. Mr. Flood is a popular bartender of Philadelphia, Pa., where he is much admired for his genial disposition.

HARRIET VERNON

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

London boasts of no fairer, shapelier stage siren than Miss Harriet Vernon, whose pretty face and luscious form are reproduced elsewhere in this issue by our unequalled artists.

Be sure you read it! "The Devil's Compact," Fox's Sensational Series, is having an enormous sale, and wonder as it is the liveliest novel of the day. One of Zola's best. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 20 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Millionaire's Wife Elopes
With a Poor Man.

GIDDY AND FAITHLESS.

A Jersey City Wife Prefers a
Lover to a Husband.

WOMEN AND THEIR AMOURS.



LOVE is a strange thing. Here's a millionaire's wife elopes with a poor man, and the little town of Asheville, N. Y., is all agog. The astonished natives are discussing the sensation and wondering how the woman could do it. The facts show that a week ago the beautiful wife of Fayette Peck, millionaire, informed her husband that she was going to Stockton to visit some relatives.

Instead of doing so it is alleged that she went to Mayville, where she met Charles Bly, an old lover, and the two took a train for Buffalo. They remained there only half a day, as they purchased tickets for the West and left the same night. After his wife had been gone two days Mr. Peck made the discovery that she had drawn \$3,000 of his money from the bank, and had also robbed his safe of a sum not far from this amount.

A few days later he received a telegram from Chicago written by the runaway wife, in which she informed him that she was on her way to California, accompanied by an old friend. She confessed taking the money, and stated that she had also disposed of a mortgage for \$1,500. Bly is a handsome man, about thirty years old. He is unmarried, and has no property. Mrs. Peck is twenty-eight years old. She is pretty, and was the society leader in Asheville, besides being prominently connected with church work and charities. Mr. Peck says he will begin an action for a divorce immediately. He is one of Asheville's most respected citizens.



THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE PREFERRED A YOUNG LOVER.

fell in love, and on the 18th of September suddenly took their departure from Jersey City. They took with them \$500 in money belonging to Mr. Slack and three trunks full of clothing and valuables.

On Monday a telegram was received at Chicago Police Headquarters from Chief of Police Smith of Jersey City asking that the couple be detained in case they should reach Chicago. Policeman Bailey was detailed on the case, and placed them under arrest. The injured husband arrived in the city the next morning, and spent the greater part of the day in pleading with his wayward wife to return with him to their home. This, however, she refuses to do, and says she will stick to Reevey, no matter what comes. She has the money taken from her husband in her possession. The police are in a quandary, and have telegraphed Chief Smith for instructions. In the meantime Reevey is languishing in a cell at the Central Station.

Judging from the story told by Mrs. Anna E. Kenyon, of Hamlin, N. Y., her aged husband, John R. Kenyon, is an antiquated Don Juan. Mrs. Kenyon is asking the Supreme Court at Rochester to grant her a divorce. She is a pleasant-looking little woman about forty-five years old, and her husband is past sixty. Nevertheless he is one of the boys according to her sworn statement. Kenyon is a shrewd farmer with short chin whiskers.

Mrs. Kenyon alleges in her complaint that her husband has been gay and fickle, and that her brother's wife, Mrs. Ella C. Brown, a buxom young woman, has been his companion on various trips to Rochester and

Buffalo, which were taken without her knowledge. The registers of the Genesee Park Hotel, in this city, and other hotels in Buffalo, Toledo and Swanton, O., were produced to show that the two had been guests at these houses, where they represented themselves as husband and wife. The complaint further alleges that when Mrs. Kenyon's brother and his wife lived with the plaintiff's family several years ago, the defendant was unduly intimate with the sister-in-law.

Benedict Harford, proprietor of the Harford House, at Bergen, testified that Kenyon, whom he did not know at the time, came to his hotel last November and obtained a room, registering as "A. R. Kingman and wife, Kendall."

"Was the lady with him his wife?" asked the counsel.

"Wa'al, she was a good-looking woman," replied the witness diplomatically. "But she wasn't his wife."

Mr. Harford identified the defendant as his former guest, and said that the couple occupied the same room in his hotel that night.

A terrible and sad case of depravity was developed at the Fourth District Police Station in Cincinnati, one night recently.

A young woman, just in the springtime of life, broken down in health and spirits by drink. Such is the statement of Fannie Miller's sad case. Shortly after 8 o'clock at night Officers Malone and Meike, of the Fourth District Station, heard a young woman crying piteously. The officers immediately went to her and found her sitting in a pile of filth and dirt in the railroad lumber yards just east of Park street. They removed her from the place, and, finding that she was



IMMORALITY PUNISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

intoxicated, called Patrol 4 and sent her to the station-house.

There she told her story. She left a comfortable home in Indianapolis about a year ago. The cause was attributed to the too fond attentions a wealthy young man of that city was paying her, and when the truth became known she says her father drove her from home.

She was heart-broken, and, after passing days and nights in roaming about the streets of Indianapolis, left that city and went to Cincinnati, where she has since been living as best she could. She finally took to drink, to drown her shame and sorrow, and in time landed in the Workhouse, where she remained for some time.

After her release she became worse than ever and was



PLEADED WITH HIS FAITHLESS WIFE.

continually drunk. She wrote to her parents, asking them to forgive her and send her money enough to go home on, but her plea for assistance was met with a stern refusal, and in despair she again took to drink.

The girl, who is only 23 years old, still bears the traces of former beauty, but the work of whisky is slowly beginning to tell upon her. She claims that an uncle is a Marshal at Indianapolis, and that he also re-



A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD DON JUAN.

fused to assist her when called upon to do so. The girl was taken to the House of Detention.

Willis Birdsey, a well-to-do resident of Rockfall, Conn., has fled from the wrath of his neighbors. Twice he has been the victim of White Caps because of his immoral relations with his young and pretty housekeeper. He was soundly sleeping on the night of Sept. 16, when seven strange figures, all wearing white caps, stole silently up to the front door of his

the lath, and after administering a terrible thrashing, they departed.

This is not the first time the couple have been whipped by the "White Caps." Birdsey has at last become thoroughly frightened. He sold his property the following day and with the housekeeper left town. The young woman is said to belong to a respectable family in Haddam. She was acting as Birdsey's housekeeper, and the gossips of the neighborhood decided that such action was necessarily improper.

Em Dash

ENTRAPPED BY HER HUSBAND.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

One day recently a woman alighted from a carriage at the Tremont House, Chicago, Ill. Her attractive figure and aristocratic bearing insured every attention from the hotel people. On the register she directed the clerk to enter the name of Mrs. W. G. Leland, Binghamton, N. Y.

She was assigned, by her own request, to Parlor J. She seemed to be familiar with the house and apparently knew the apartment.

On the following day a man of distinguished bearing, past middle life, presented himself at the office. The stranger was not ready to put down his signature. Carefully he scanned the pages. When he saw the name of Mrs. Leland he quickly inscribed: "D. J. Bigelow, New York."

The new guest requested the clerk to give him Parlor I, which is next to the one occupied by Mrs. Leland. "D. O. Morgan, New York," had registered at the Sherman House, and with him came a detective, who was joined by a local detective.

"Morgan" was on the ground twenty-four hours in advance of the woman, and two days ahead of the other man. Events at his home in the East had made him suspicious.

Two days and two nights passed, and then the detectives reported that the time to act was at hand. The trio went to the Tremont House, passing in by a private entrance. They secured Parlor H, which adjoins the apartments given by request to Mrs. Leland and "D. J. Bigelow."

D. G. Bigelow was D. J. Parks, one of the wealthiest lumbermen of the Northwest. His home is in Minneapolis, where he directs many of the great enterprises in the trade.

He is 60 years old and has a long, white beard. He has a wife and married children. "D. O. Morgan," was W. G. Leland of Binghamton, N. Y., proprietor of the Hotel Bennett, which he has owned for six years.

He is a member of the well-known Leland family, and is Vice-President of the New York State Hotel Keepers' Association. Mrs. Leland registered her own name.

From their position in Parlor H the husband and his assistants awaited developments. Parks entered Mrs. Leland's apartment, and their expressions of mutual regard fell on the ears of Mr. Leland.

The detectives restrained him. Late in the afternoon an elegant dinner was served for two in Mrs. Leland's room. Champagne added sparkle to the enjoyment.

As the waiters were removing the remains of the dinner Parks bade Mrs. Leland good evening, and retired to his own apartment. The party of watchers kept on guard until 11 o'clock.

Then Parks was seen to go cautiously to Mrs. Leland's room. In evening costume she admitted him and then locked the door. From the window of Parlor H one of the detectives climbed along the ledge of stone to the window of Parlor J.

He returned quickly to Parlor H and reported. A messenger boy was sent for and a blank paper given to him addressed to Mrs. Leland. He knocked at her door, announcing that he had an important message for her.

When she opened the door a foot was thrust into the opening, and before she realized her position the door was pushed violently open, and she stood face to face with her husband. She was in her night robe, and Parks, who was in similar attire, occupied the bed.

Mrs. Leland fell at her husband's feet, hysterically appealing to him for mercy. He sprang over her and dashed at Parks, but the detectives caught him. The next morning all left Chicago.

Leland announced his intention of applying for a divorce. His wife's only shaver was a plea for mercy. Parks returned to his Northwestern home. This liaison of Parks and Mrs. Leland is of long standing. Years ago they were engaged to be married.

THE KILLING OF LIZZIE PEAK.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Lizzie Peak, a sister of Barclay Peak, murderer of Katie Anderson, his cousin, in 1889, and who is serving a sentence of twenty years in State Prison for his crime, was murdered the other morning at Mount Holly, N. J., by her lover, Wesley Warner. For three years Warner and the girl have lived together in Brooklyn, N. Y. Many bitter quarrels resulted, and Warner's jealousy led to a personal encounter with a man who had won Lizzie's smiles. Lizzie had gone to Mount Holly to visit her parents. On the night of the tragedy she, with her sisters Amanda and Kate, attended the theatre. After the play they started for home, accompanied by Harry Matlack, Thomas Shinn and Chester Stroud, all of that city. Matlack was Lizzie's escort.

They had not gone far when a man sprang from behind a clump of bushes and rushed across the road. It was Warner. In his hand he held a long knife. Brandishing this above his head he turned upon Lizzie and without uttering a word plunged the blade into her throat.

It made a gaping wound about three inches long, from which blood gushed in a stream. As Lizzie tottered and fell Warner darted toward the other girls, but they screamed and the assassin fled, but was arrested the following morning and placed in jail. The girl died almost instantly.

SHE STRUGGLED AGAINST ODDS FOR HONOR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Agnes Hoelle, a pretty Louisville, Ky., girl attended a party the other evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hepp. When the time came for her to depart for home a young man named McGillicuddy offered to be her escort. The girl accepted and the two left the house. They had not proceeded far when the young lady's companion made an improper proposal. Upon her resenting it he grabbed her around the waist and threw her to the ground. As she uttered a scream, McGillicuddy drew a pistol and threatened to shoot her if she made a noise. Notwithstanding the threat the girl uttered another piercing shriek. Just then Police Captain Haeger came rushing up, and the young ruffian fled. The morning following he was arrested and held for trial on complaint of Miss Hoelle.



FOUND IN A CINCINNATI STREET.

stairs. As soon as he opened the door he was seized, bound and gagged. Leaving Birdsey in charge of four of the band, the remainder entered the house and ordered the young woman who had been keeping house for Birdsey to dress and accompany them.

The two prisoners were then driven to a patch of woods about half a mile distant. Here Birdsey was stripped and bound to a log, face downward. He was then lashed thirty times, and it was not until the blood began to flow, and the victim pleaded piteously, and promised to conduct himself according to the ideas of his neighbors, that he was released. The woman who was by this time almost hysterical, was divested of her clothing, and in spite of her pleadings, in turn bound to the log. Her tormentors applied

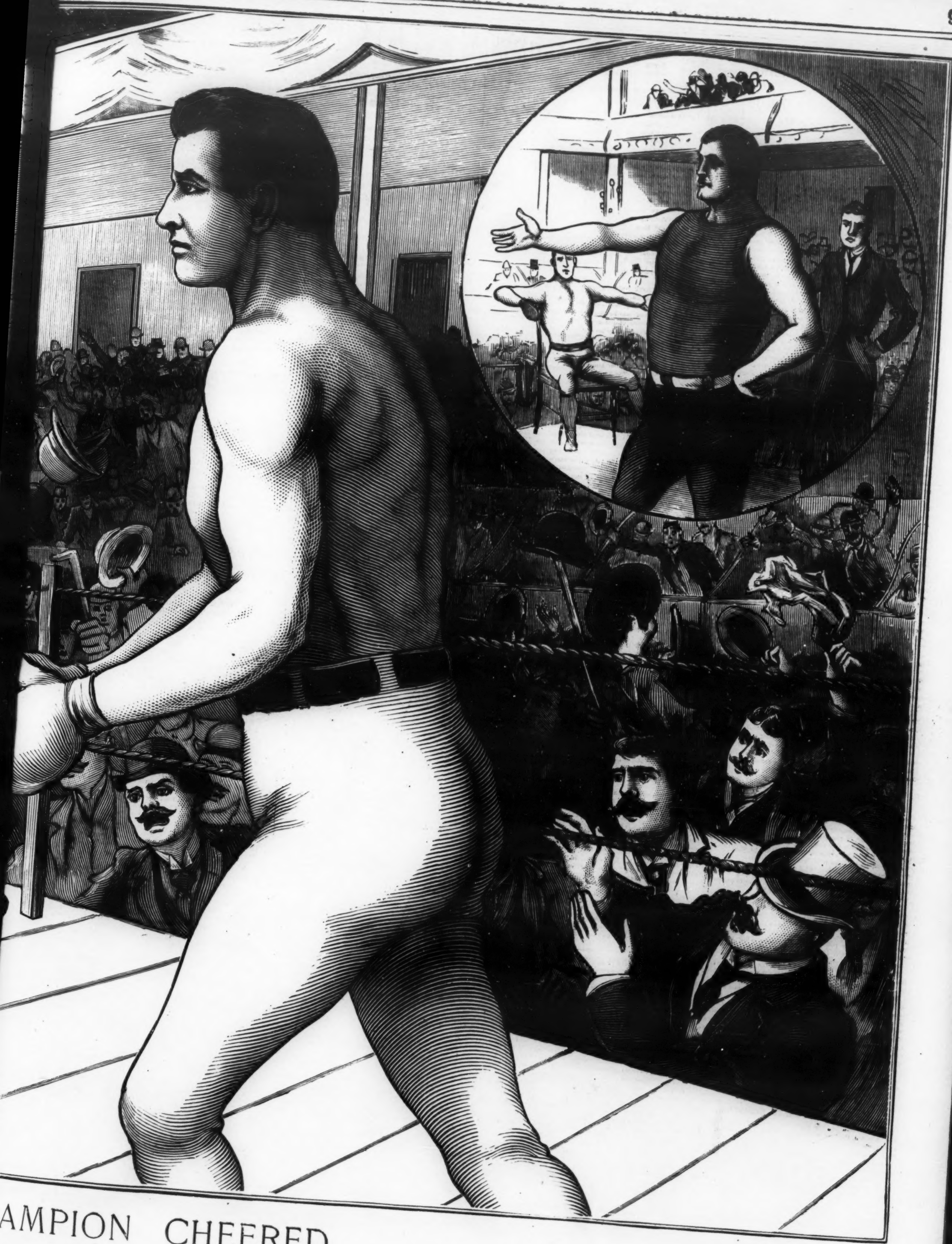
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CHAMPION AND EXHAM

JOHN L. SULLIVAN GIVEN A ROUSING TESTIMONIAL BY OVER TEN THOUSAND THUS
[DRAWN BY "POLICE" TE" S



CHAMPION CHEERED.

ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, ON SEPT. 17.
[STAFF ARTISTS.]

THEY FOUGHT LIKE DEMONS.

Desperate and Bloody Battle
Between Race Track Men.

BOTH BARELY ESCAPE DEATH.

Champions of the prize ring at various periods have engaged in many desperate battles, but few of these contests were half as brutal as the recent encounter between Jack Davis, one of the oldest race horse trainers in this country, and Tice Hutsell, in St. Louis recently.

Last spring Davis raced his horses at East St. Louis, and the horses ran in poor form. On his return to St. Louis he blamed Hutsell for not properly training the horses. Hutsell abused Davis and Davis vilified Hutsell. Finally Davis could restrain himself no longer, and seizing a pitchfork, rushed upon Hutsell. The latter received a blow with the fork handle, which split his skull, and two other slight blows, before being able to close with Davis. They fought like demons, and the stable boys having removed the pitchfork, the quarrelsome friends were left to fight it out with nature's weapons. Hutsell tried to gouge Davis's eyes out, and had the thumb almost bitten from his right hand. Davis tried to choke Hutsell, and the latter bit the first joint of the index finger of Davis's left hand.

The fight lasted for over half an hour, and only ended when the men were too exhausted to continue. Hutsell went to the dispensary, where his wounds were dressed, and he then reported the matter to the police. Davis was not arrested until the following Monday, when Hutsell swore out a warrant for his arrest, charging assault and battery. Davis furnished bonds. In the meantime he had dressed the wounded finger himself.

Two days after the fight Hutsell's arm began to swell. Two days later the limb was three times its natural size and the swelling had gone to the body. Alarmed, Hutsell made his way to the dispensary again. Dr. Fitzpatrick sent him at once to the City Hospital. There Dr. Marks examined the patient. Hutsell was in a serious condition. His eyes jumped nervously, and the muscles of his body twitched continuously, giving the appearance of St. Vitus' dance. In addition Hutsell's speech was affected. Dr. Marks at once treated Hutsell. He did not deem an operation necessary, but matched his skill as a physician against death. He won, and Hutsell will probably be able to leave the institution in the course of a week.

Not so with Davis. He paid no attention to his wounded finger, and kept on with his training. The hand began to swell, and Davis says the agony was indescribable. In his own words, he did not sleep twenty minutes during the ten days which elapsed after he received the bite. Friends begged him to consult a physician, but he obstinately refused. He attended the races as regularly as theretofore. From the hand the swelling extended to the arm, and that member soon increased to an enormous size.

The next Sunday the pain was unendurable, and Dr. William Standing was consulted. The physician advised an immediate operation, but Davis declined. He asked for a prescription to alleviate his pain, and it was furnished him.

When the case of assault and battery was called in the Court of Criminal Correction, Davis was on hand, more dead than alive. Hutsell was in the City Hospital, and he being the only witness the case was dismissed. Davis could scarcely make his way to the stable, and friends determined on immediate action. Dr. H. M. Pierce was sent for, and at a glance pronounced Davis a dying man. By his advice Davis was carried to C. Wraunman's boarding house. Dr. Standing was then called in consultation with Pierce, and it was decided the only thing to save Davis was to amputate the finger and half of the left hand, which showed signs of gangrene. Davis readily submitted to the operation and bore the ordeal bravely. The gangrenous parts were removed and the hand dressed antiseptically.

Hutsell when seen was shocked to hear of Davis's illness. "Don't tell me," he said, "that poor old John has lost his hand."

Hutsell said that he had to bite Davis to prevent Davis from choking him. He sent a message to Davis wishing him a speedy recovery. To several friends Davis stated that he bit Hutsell, and held on to prevent Hutsell from drawing a knife. He said he feared Hutsell wanted to kill him, and thus accounted for his abnormal appetite.

CHICAGO LIKES THE IDEA.

In a letter received by *The Mail* from Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, and dated at London, England, Aug. 27, he states that he had just arrived in town from Llandudno, which place he thoroughly enjoyed, and would probably return there again later in the season. In regard to the proposed World's regatta at the Fair next year, Mr. Fox states that nothing definite has yet been settled. On his return to America he intends to confer with the World's Fair commissioners, with a view of proper arrangements being made for carrying out the regatta and the fixing of a suitable date. He hopes that all the champion oarsmen of the world will be present to compete for the valuable trophies that would be offered.

From the above it would appear that Mr. Fox has every intention of taking hold of this great racing event, which would be a great feature of the athletic sports at the fair. Probably no other sportsman in the world could do so much toward making the affair a success, as he enjoys the confidence of the oarsmen and public alike, the former being assured a fair race and the latter honest sport. If Mr. Fox will only take the affair in hand it will be a big card for the fair.

Mr. Fox also wrote that he was just on the point of leaving London for Dieppe, Paris, Switzerland and Germany, returning to London in about a month. He is accompanied by his wife.

Then there are many other kinds of sports that would awaken an international interest if properly handled. Richard K. Fox is anxious to arrange an international sculling match, and should be liberally encouraged. He has the ability and influence to bring about the greatest aquatic performance ever seen. England would send her best yachts to engage in an international regatta for the America cup. Long distance swimming races, tennis, football, running races, and other events could be added, making a programme in which all the best competitors of the world could enter. The athletes want the sports to occur under the World's Fair auspices, believing that private ventures will only tend to hippodroming. Every one is waiting. Will the officials get a move on themselves.—Chicago Mail, Sept. 15.

TOM O'ROURKE TALKS BUSINESS.

Thomas O'Rourke, the successful manager and backer of George Dixon, the feather-weight champion of the world, called at this office on Sept. 19. O'Rourke desired it published in the POLICE GAZETTE that he is satisfied in every particular over the manner in which Dixon was treated by the Olympic Club of New Orleans when he fought Skelly. He says that the colored lad will fight there again if a suitable incentive is hung up. O'Rourke further states that he has an unknown whom he will pit against Tommy Ryan, of Chicago, at 140 pounds, weight in at the ring side, for \$1,000 a side and the largest purse offered. He prefers to have the battle take place before the Coney Island Club, and does not want to go to New Orleans because it is too far. If Ryan, who is trying to get on a match with George Dawson, of Australia, will not fight, the challenge is open to any lightweight in the country. Friends of Ryan declare that if his match with Dawson falls through he will take on O'Rourke's unknown, but will insist on naming some of the conditions, notably that of weight, etc. O'Rourke says that his man is neither Doc O'Connell or Patsy Kerrigan.

O'Rourke is very much put out over the reports circulated from New Orleans, to the effect that he had had an altercation with Johnny Griffin. "Griffin and I are old friends," said Tom, "and we never had any words or indulged in any scrimmages as stated. I only had a 'run in' with Boston Johnny Murphy and his backer while down South, and I didn't get the worst of the affair, either. I think a great deal of Griffin. He is a good and clever boy. Of course, if he is desirous of meeting Dixon

and can get \$10,000 backing I will make a match with him. As soon as Griffin puts up his deposit with Richard K. Fox, as he said he would do, I will talk business with him. Dixon will not, however, fight until next year. We have all engagements for our combination booked ahead until next June. We open at Philadelphia on Nov. 7."

SWELLS IN A PRIZE FIGHT.

Two St. Louis Church Members Settle a Dispute in a Sawdust Ring.

A special to the POLICE GAZETTE from St. Louis, Sept. 19, says:

Social circles here are in a fever of excitement over a prize fight between two of the most prominent representatives of the most exclusive set in the city, which was "pulled off" in genuine Corbett-Sullivan fashion. Young Mr. Charles Randall Garrison, of the well-known Commodore Garrison family of St. Louis, and young Mr. William Snyder, son of Rev. John Snyder, of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, of this city, both swell bank clerks and prominent in the highest society circles, were the principals. They are, accordingly, just now the heroes of their "set." Mr. Garrison posing as the Corbett of the encounter and Mr. Snyder as John L. Sullivan.

The fight took place in the lively stable of Keyes & Watkins, No. 1,065 North Grand avenue. A sawdust ring had been prepared, seconds, timekeeper and a referee appointed, the chosen guests invited, the lively stable people allowed to witness the encounter in reward for their having granted the use of the stable as a fighting ground, and then, behind closed doors, the great St. Louis "society prize fight" took place. The principals had always been the warmest of friends.

Four minute rounds were the order, and the men were coached between the rounds just like "sure-enough" pugilists. The fight was full of the most thrilling uncertainty up to the very moment of the "knock-out" blow. Consequently every one present had the "full worth of his money," so to speak, and there was but one verdict at its close. It had been a daisy.

Young Snyder this morning, under indignities, challenged young Garrison. It was agreed that the fight should be a finish, with five-ounce gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern.

Mr. "Fred" Cox, a well known young society man, acted as "Billy" Snyder's second. Mr. George Parrish, son of Dr. John G. Parrish, of 3043 Easton avenue, equally well known among the younger "swell set" of the East End, was Randall Garrison's second. Mr. Ed. Roberts, a third member of the same set, was appointed timekeeper. "Harry" Gray, a former teacher of boxing, was made referee. Invitations were issued to thirty-five members of the Garrison-Snyder "coterie" and all accepted. The first two rounds were about equal in points of advantage to the "sell" pugilists. In the third round Snyder knocked Garrison down by a terrific blow in the face. The fourth round saw Garrison come to the front in a favorite for the first time in the fight. He scored a knock-down on Snyder. In the fifth round both men showed signs of being winded. Both were bloody and Snyder's left eye was nearly closed. At the end of the round he drank freely of ice-water, complaining to his seconds of feeling weak. The sixth round was short and sweet. Garrison was fighter enough to see that Snyder had made a fatal mistake in taking ice-water. He hit for the stomach, and Snyder doubled up and dropped like a log. It made Snyder lose consciousness. Referee Gray formally gave the fight to Garrison. For a few minutes there was excitement at the ring-side, for, despite all efforts, Snyder failed to be "brought in," but at last he opened his eyes, to the great delight of the frightened gathering. He was too weak to walk, and he was sent home in a carriage.

GODDARD MEETS A TARTAR.

Joe Goddard, of Australia, met and knocked out in three rounds Joe Butler, the clever colored local pugilist. The fight came off at the Ariel Club, Philadelphia, on Sept. 21, Goddard being seconded by Billy Madden, and Butler by Fred Woods.

Butler was fully forty pounds lighter than his huge and decidedly awkward opponent, but notwithstanding this disadvantage, opened the first round with a swing on the Australian's jaw, that laid him flat on the floor. When Goddard arose with a bleeding cut on his face, the enthusiasm of the crowd was overwhelming. Butler was loudly cheered and Goddard as badly hooted. This evidently excited the latter, and he began to rain blows on all sides of the light, but agile Butler, several of which hit him and knocked him against the ropes. Goddard, while his blows were powerful, was slow and awkward.

In the second round Goddard again received a right-hand swing on the eye and fell to the floor with a resounding thud. He was soon up again, however, and in this round several times forced Butler against the ropes, once almost knocking him clean off the stage. When time was called Butler was very groggy.

The colored man had won so many friends by his plucky fighting against overbearing ming odds that in the interim preceding the third round his second was assisted in sponging and rubbing him down by all the spectators who could get within reach. But Butler was too far gone to do any more violent fighting, and the third round had scarcely begun before he was almost knocked out. He was sent against the ropes by a strong left-hand blow, and lay there limp and powerless. Jack Fogarty, the timekeeper, pronounced the fight concluded, and the pugilist, after considerable resistance on the part of Butler, who, notwithstanding his condition, was very willing to go on, returned to their chairs.

Madden, the Australian's backer, perceiving that his champion had made a very unfavorable impression, then made a speech, in which he said that Goddard never feared knock-downs or punishment of any sort, but fought on, regardless of his opponent's blows, until he won. Besides he has been suffering with his left hand which he injured when he knocked out Moore in New York.

BILLY SMITH LICKS BILLY MABER.

(SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 21.—Billy Smith of Boston, and Billy Maber of Australia, fought in the Pastime Club last night with 5-ounce gloves, for a purse of \$1,000. They were both within half a pound of weight, 140 pounds, and appeared in perfect condition when they entered the ring.

Smith started in to rush the Australian and knocked him down in the first round. In the seventh round Smith tried the pivot blow, but fell short. The eighth round was opened with Maber still on the defensive. Smith kept up his rushes, but Maber got away without much damage. In the fourteenth round Maber was knocked down by a right hander on the breast, and he came up groggy, and just as time was called he was again knocked down. From the fourteenth to the twenty-first round Smith continued his rushes, and Maber began to show the effect of Smith's body blows.

In the twenty-fifth round Maber was knocked down four times, and the last time he was declared out and the fight given to Smith. Maber said he did not hear the last second called, but that he was satisfied, as his legs were gone. Maber made a game fight, but Smith was too clever for him.

Nancy Hanks trotted against her record at St. Joseph, Mo., on Sept. 15. Over 30,000 spectators were present. The Queen of the turf was advertised to lower her record of 2:07 on a regulation track in a race against time. Doble paraded the wonderful little mare, and no sovereign lady was ever accorded a grander reception than that which greeted this Queen of the turf. Doble nodded for the word at the second score, and Miss Nancy went away under favorable circumstances with Abe Lincoln keeping her company. Old turfmen thought the start a trifle slow, and when she reached the first quarter in 32 they were a little nervous, and they became more so when the half clicked at 1:06. The old-timers breathed easy when the three-quarters was reached in 1:36. At this point a second runner was added, and the little mare came tearing down the homestretch at a 2:05 gait, but she could not recover her somewhat unfavorable start, and her record was not lowered, though maintained in its excellence, for as she dashed under the wire the watches stopped at 2:07½.

George Dixon and Jack Skelly. Elegant Cabinet Photographs of these two feather-weights. Price, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

Jack Slavin says that if Con. Riordan finds a backer he will meet him.

Fred. Johnson's benefit at Shoreditch, London, Eng., Aug. 26, was a big success.

Joe Lawless, of Long Island City, is open to wrestle any man in America catch-as-catch-can for \$500 a side.

Peter Nolan, of Cincinnati, announces his return to the arena. He expresses himself as particularly anxious for a meeting with Dominick McCaffrey.

Chrysalis, owned by Montana's copper king, Marcus Daly, won a race on the Brooklyn Jockey Club's track on Sept. 21. Odds of 100 to 1 was laid against the colt.

At New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 23, W. F. Richards, a prominent candidate for fullback on the Yale eleven, was badly injured on the shoulder while trying to drop on the ball.

William Willis, the lad who was George Dixon's training companion at Oakham, England, when George was training for Nunc Wallace, had a successful benefit in London, Sept. 5.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 23 and stated that he would not arrange any more matches to fight for at least six months.

The Coney Island Athletic Club signed Joe Choyne, sk, the Californian, to meet George Gidfrey, the Boston heavy-weight. The match will be for a purse of \$5,000, and will take place on Monday, Oct. 31.

Billy McCarthy, the Australian, wants a chance at Ted Pritchard. Jack O'Brien also wants to meet the Englishman. A beset fighter never lacks for offerings and opportunities of immediate business.

Articles of agreement have been signed for another double-scutt race between Hanlan and O'Connor and Gaudaur and Homer. The race is to be for \$1,000 a side and will be rowed either at Toronto or Hamilton.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Chicago, Sept. 23, says: "Frank Glover, a heavy weight pugilist of some note in the West several years ago, died of consumption yesterday at the home of his mother in this city."

A glove fight to a finish between Jim O'Rourke of Brooklyn and Jimmy Howard of this city was decided in a hail near Newtown, L. I., on September 23d. Howard, who was terribly punished, was knocked out in the sixth round.

Tommy Moran and Billy Welch, the feather-weight pugilists, have been matched to fight to a finish with skin-tight gloves in private for a purse of \$200 and stake of \$500. The battle will take place within 100 miles of New York inside of two weeks.

Billy Graham, the well-known boxer, has opened a sporting house at 21 Greenpoint avenue, Brooklyn, near the Twenty-third street ferry. Graham is well known as a prize ring expert. He has a host of friends and will no doubt be well patronized.

C. E. Morris, President of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, and John L. Brewer shot at 200 pigeons for \$400, at West End, Coney Island, on Sept. 19. Brewer won, making a remarkable score of 197 out of 200 only missing three birds. Morris killed 179 and missed 21.

O'Connor offers to row Hanlan a five-mile race for \$1,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, and the championship of the world, and share the receipts outside the stake. He is also ready to arrange a race with Gaudaur, or to enter a sweepstakes with the two oarsmen.

Lynch is the favorite in the contest with Griffin. Billy Reid, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who won \$2,500 on Corbett, offers to bet \$1,000 against \$1,300, or any part of it, on Griffin. Jimmy Adams, the bookmaker, wants to bet \$1,000 to \$1,100, and Ridge Levin wants to bet \$1 against \$1,000.

Warren Lewis has received a letter from Jim Hall in which the latter says he is ready to arrange a match to fight Bob Fitzsimmons in the Coney Island or the Olympic Club for a purse of \$15,000. Both men to fight at catch weight, and the contest to be decided three months from signing articles.

Johnny Dunn of Brooklyn, the popular master of ceremonies, who was the announcer at John L. Sullivan's benefit, took the cake. For his voice was like a fog horn, his declamation distinct, and nearly every one in hearing distances perfectly understood his announcements. Dunn is champion in the business.

Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of this paper, has received a gold headed cane from El Paso, Texas, as a souvenir of the Flitic Carnival at New Orleans. It is inscribed: "Presented to Wm. E. Harding, Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE by George Look and admirers of El Paso, Texas, Sept. 7, 1892."

On September 22d, John S. Johnson, the bicyclist, at Independence, Iowa, beat the best record ever made for one mile, 2:04 2-5. He covered the distance in 1:30 3-5, the fastest time yet recorded. It is, however, authentic, being timed by seven times, judges and referees. The time by quarters was 0:39 1/4, 0:58 1/4, 1:17 1/4, 1:36 3-5.

A fight on the turf with bare knuckles between Jim Burge, the Australian "Cast Iron Man," and Charley Turner, the Stockton, Cal., middleweight, is under discussion in San Francisco. Californians have not been greatly impressed with Burge's present abilities as a glove fighter, whatever he may have been at some period in the past.

Mike McDonald of Chicago, the famous millionaire sporting man, on Sept. 23, was discharged from custody on the charge of having attempted to bribe Magistrate Woodman with \$300 to secure a decision favorable to persons arrested during the Garfield Park raids. The case ended with another knockout for the city, which, in Woodman's behalf, acted as prosecutor.

Parson Davies and Billy Madden have arranged a four round match between the heavyweights, Joe Choyne and Joe Goddard, the contest to take place in either Madison Square Garden, New York, or Battery D, Chicago. Goddard has defeated Choyne twice in four rounds each time in Australia, but the fights were of the most desperate character.

Independent of the pneumatic tires, ball bearings and bicycle wheels, Nancy Hanks was nearly on a par with the queens of the turf. Sanol, 2:08 1/4 over a kite-shaped track—Nancy Hanks having trotted a mile in 2:09 over a circular track, and with no patent wheels on her sulky. Sanol pulled a 54 pound sulky when she made her record, while Nancy Hanks' sulky with the bicycle wheels weighed 65½ pounds.

Robert Meade, of San Francisco, has issued a challenge to fight a main of cocks against any breeder east of the Rocky Mountains for \$250 each battle, and \$5,000 the odd fight deciding the main. Allow \$500 expenses to fight at Oakland, Cal., or accept the same to fight in New York. Each side to show seventeen cocks and fight all that fall in at weights ranging from 4 pounds 15 ounces to 6 pounds 5 ounces. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the referee.

On September 23d Martin Costello, better known to followers of ringside contests as "Buffalo," arrived in this city from San Francisco. He says he came here to arrange a match

with some of the crack middleweight pugilists. He will fight Fitzsimmons, Hall or any other 154-pound pugilist for a stake of \$5,000 and the largest purse offered. Speaking of his recent drawn battle with Gregorio Costello said the Californian was a good man.

At Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 15, 7,000 persons assembled to witness the bicycle races of the Springfield bicycle club. A world's record for one mile in competition was established by George Taylor of the Manhattan Athletic Club in the one-mile handicap race. Messrs. Taylor, Zimmerman and Lumsden started from scratch and cut a very fast pace in their efforts to pass the handicap men. Taylor at the half mile got away from Zimmerman and Lumsden, and finished the mile in fourth place in 2 minutes 15 2-5 seconds.

At St. Joseph, Mo., on Sept. 16, Martha Wilkes trotted against her record of 2:08. Martha was driven by Doble, and was bidding fair to fracture her mark, but on the home-stretch one of her ankle boots gave way. However, she finished in 2:08 1/2 amid a storm of applause. The quarter was made in 0:32, the half in 1:04 1/2, three-quarters in 1:36 1/2, and the mile in 2:08 1/2. Darkness interfered with the finish of the free-for-all pace. Guy, Roy Wilkes and Manager fought for the purse. Wilkes was a d awn after the first heat on account of lameness, though she had taken a heat in 2:08 1/2. The time of the five heats is 2:08 1/2, 2:08 1/2, 2:08 1/2, 2:11 1/2, 2:12 1/2.

The big cricket match between the Gentlemen of Ireland and All-New York was brought to a conclusion on Sept. 22, at Staten Island, the Irishmen winning by four wickets. This result was hardly looked for, as the New Yorks had preserved a good lead up to the last day and felt rather confident of victory. The Irishmen, however, made a great fight and their uphill work was duly appreciated by a large crowd of spectators, who rewarded the visitors' good play with liberal applause. Score: Gentlemen of Ireland—First innings, 187; second innings, 203. New York—First innings, 225; second innings, 184. Total Run—Gentlemen of Ireland, 390; New York, 389.

Joe Courtney, the English one and two mile professional champion and one of the fastest middle-distance runners in the world, is in the city now, and would like to make a match with any of the American professional runners for \$1,000 a side and the championship at either one or two miles. For Friddy or Everett McClellan preferred. Courtney comes from Portsmouth, England, where he has won innumerable victories on the path. Last July he won the professional championship at one mile from the holder, Cameron Bell of Scotland. In 4 minutes 24 2-5 seconds, and the \$2,500 stake money as well. Courtney has defeated such cracks as Cummins, Snooks, Perkins, and Cameron. He has repeatedly challenged W. G. George, but the latter has always refused.

The following special cable was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

LONDON, Sept. 23. The international contest between Anatin Gibbons, of America, and Stanton Abbott, is creating no little interest. Abbott's admirers are offering 6 to 4 that he will win. Gibbons is training at Tottenham, and has made a host of friends since his arrival here.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete of America, arrived to-day. Ross, since he left New York, has been through New Zealand, the West Indies and Egypt. He has challenged any man in England to fight with broadsword or wrestle Scotch style.

A rattling prize fight was fought between Jimmy Fleming and Mike O'Connell, near Jamaica, L. I., on Sept. 19. O'Connell, who had one eye closed and the other partly closed, succeeded in knocking Fleming out by a left-handed blow on the jaw in the last round. About one hundred young swells from the vicinity of Thirty-fourth street and Madison avenue journeyed out to the battle ground. The purse was \$300. As soon as time was called the men went at it in a furious manner. In the third and fourth rounds Fleming smashed his man all over the ring. From the fourth to the thirteenth rounds the fighting was fast and furious. From the fifteenth to the thirtieth rounds the fighting was slow. During the next five rounds O'Connell made several unsuccessful attempts to finish his man. Finally, in the thirty-eighth round, when Fleming was weak and staggering, O'Connell planted a left-hander on the jaw, knocking Fleming down and out.

PADDY WAS NOT IN IT.

A mill was decided in Chicago on September 19 between Paddy Darrington and Tommy White.

The affair came off at genial Mr. McGurn's hand-ball court, and now Mr. Darrington, from the unsophisticated town of brewers, is very sorry he did it. The ring proved far too small for Paddy and he was in the same fix regarding the gloves, and, to make a long story short, the Cream City pugilist was never in it.

The conflict had not waged more than a half a minute before White brought him to his knees with a straight left-hander on the nose which also brought the elated. This seemed to rattle Paddy, and he rushed at White like a bull at a fence, but the fence, or rather White, was not there at the end of the rush. The Milwaukeean was not to be denied, however, and he kept rushing and swinging his arms all over the ring.

Tommy experienced no difficulty in avoiding Darrington, and by way of showing that he was in the game propped him continually with left hand jolts on the nose which kept the blood flowing copiously. Paddy, who, in the vernacular of the sports present, was no "chump," knew that he was up against it when he retired to his corner after the first round.

He came up for the second determined to do or die—but principally the latter—and began using foul tactics, to lose on a foul or win out on a scratch. It availed him nothing, however, as White, with left-hand jabs and right-hand uppercuts, peppered him unmercifully, and before they had been at it two minutes he had his man on Queer street. Paddy was game, however, and kept coming, but a right-hand uppercut on the side of the jaw sent him down.

He staggered to his feet in a dazed condition, and White, seeing that the Cream City boxer was done for, refused to hit him.

Darrington staggered all over the ring like a drunken man, and his seconds, not caring to see their charge receive any more punishment, threw up the sponge, and White received the verdict.

Prior to the event Alex O'Hern, George Williams, Frank Duff, P. Hutchison, D. Kellier, J. Conley, J. Haley and the "Terrible Blacksmith" entertained the 400 spectators with some bustling set-tos.

The best bout between the outsiders was that between Kellier and Conley, their set-to being liberally applauded. The ludicrous go of the evening was that between the Terrible Blacksmith and Haley. The former did not know the first rudiments of the game, and his opponent, who weighed but 95 pounds, punched him all over the ring.

RECEPTION TO DIXON.

George Dixon, the colored champion pugilist, was tendered a reception by the society, the Sons of New York, a colored organization in New York, on Sept. 23. Richard H. Smith presided, and Dixon and his manager, T. F. O'Rourke, occupied seats very near the chairman. There was champagne in abundance and toasts were given in proportion. Speeches were made by Mr. Smith, Charles Anderson, the colored politician; Henry Downing, editor of the *Message*; James Hill, Charles Brown, Edward Nail, one of Dixon's backers, and "Poin Jim" Jefferson.

In these speeches the names of Peter Jackson and George Godfrey were frequently mentioned and each time loudly cheered. Dixon heard his friends say a great many pleasant things about him, but insisted that his manager should do all the talking for him. Some of the well-known colored men present were: Willie Sims, the jockey; Will Spencer, Harry Yocery, Will Smith, George Creed, Mose Corbin, Bob McIntyre, "Deacon" Clark, Al Thompson, John Johnson, Ed Flow, Spriggs Gwin, George Hill, Richard Stoval, Dan Morrison, James H. Lewis, V. C. Murray and W. H. Carter.

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THE REIGN OF CHAMPIONS.

Some Interesting Prize Ring History Revived.

WHOM WILL CORBETT FIGHT?

I have read in several newspapers and heard James Corbett in his speeches claim that John L. Sullivan has been champion of America for twelve years. Probably the sporting writers gained their information from Corbett in regard to how long John L. Sullivan has held the prize ring championship. I am sure Paddy Ryan and Joe Goos fought for the championship of America and the small sum of \$1,000 a side on June 1, 1880, at Collier Station, West Virginia, which will be twelve years and four months on October 1, 1892. Now, John L. Sullivan could not have held the championship while Ryan was the champion, consequently Sullivan could not have held the championship for twelve years. In the fall of 1881 Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan were matched to fight for \$2,500 a side and the championship, Richard K. Fox backing Ryan while James Keenan & Co. backed Sullivan. Sullivan had not fought for the championship then and he was only a candidate for the title and that is only eleven years ago. On February 7, 1892, Ryan and Sullivan fought at Mississippi City and Sullivan won in nine rounds, lasting 11 minutes. This was ten years ago last February.

According to the rules and usages of the prize ring a champion must defend his title against all claimants and accept all bona fide challenges or forfeit the title. In 1886 Richard K. Fox had four belts made to represent the feather, light, middle and heavy weight championships of the world. The trophies were offered for any pugilist to fight for. Jack Havlin, of Boston, Mass., agreed to defend the feather weight trophy; Jack McCalliff claimed the light weight belt; Jack Dempsey agreed to fight any one in the middle weight class, while John L. Sullivan was champion heavy weight of this country at the time and Jake Kilrain, of Somerville, Mass., was a candidate for the honor. Kilrain challenged Sullivan to fight for the belt and the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox posted \$1,000. The challenge was left open for the usual thirty days and Sullivan refused to fight and Kilrain was declared to be the champion of America by the sporting press and the forfeit posted was returned to Richard K. Fox. On Sullivan refusing to fight his right of champion expired according to the rules governing the championship, consequently Sullivan only held the championship six instead of twelve years as prize ring chronology will in future years show. On Kilrain succeeding to the title he agreed to most all comers. Jim Smith, who was, in 1886, champion of England, threw down the gauntlet to fight Kilrain for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. Kilrain accepted the challenge. Richard K. Fox went to England and arranged the match. The fight was decided on December 19, 1887, in France. The battle ended in a draw after 106 rounds being fought, owing to darkness coming on. The referee, George W. Atkinson, ordered the men to renew the fight the next morning, but they were so badly punished that they agreed to a draw and Kilrain remained champion.

In the meantime John L. Sullivan was in England and had been challenged by Charley Mitchell. Articles were signed for the men to fight for \$500 a side, but no championship, Kilrain holding that title. The fight was decided March 10, 1888, in Creil, France, and after 29 rounds had been fought, according to London prize ring rules, the fight was declared a draw. Later Kilrain returned to America. So did John L. Sullivan. The latter posted \$5,000 and challenged Kilrain to fight for \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world. Kilrain accepted the challenge upon condition that Sullivan would fight for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" belt. The match was ratified, Richard K. Fox backing Kilrain, and the battle was fought at Richburg, Miss., on July 8, 1889, when Sullivan won in 75 rounds. Kilrain's defeat made Sullivan champion and he held that title from 1889 to 1890, when Joe McCalliff challenged him to fight for the belt and the title. Sullivan refused to fight and McCalliff claimed the championship.

Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, challenged any man in the world to fight for the championship in 1890, and Joe McCalliff accepted the challenge, and the match was arranged for a purse of \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" belt, and the championship of the world. The fight was decided in the Ormonde Club, London, England, on Dec. 10, 1890. Slavin won in two rounds, lasting 6 minutes 30 seconds. Slavin came to America to fight Sullivan for the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship in 1891, but Sullivan declined claiming he had retired and was under contract. After Sullivan's contract expired Slavin again visited New York and Sullivan challenged him to fight for \$10,000 a side and the championship, at the same time depositing \$5,000 forfeit. Slavin's backers disappointed him and he backed down and Sullivan again became champion of the world.

Now the above is based on facts and I think clearly proves that Sullivan held the championship from 1889 to 1890, and from 1891 to 1892, which is not by any means ten years.

After all that has been said about the great fighting qualities of Griffith, the feather-weight champion of Australia, I see that in the recent contest in Sydney, N. S. W., with Jim Barron, for the championship, he could not defeat the latter. Barron fought him 23 rounds, and when there was no likelihood of Griffith winning, the contest was declared a draw. Now, if Griffith cannot defeat a tyro like Barron, what chance on earth would he have in front of the black phenomenon, George Dixon, whom he has challenged to fight for \$1,000 and the feather-weight championship of the world? In my opinion, just about as much as Abe Willie, Nunc Wallace, Fred Johnson, Jack Skelly and the balance of the American and foreign champions Dixon has easily bowled over.

The proposed fight between Johnny Griffin and George Dixon, at 115 pounds, is causing much discussion in sporting circles. Some of the sports are inclined to believe that O'Rourke is only bluffing, while others think that 115 pounds is too low a weight for the Brainfree lad to fight at. O'Rourke has never been known to bluff, and just as soon as any club offers a \$7,500 purse for the battle, the colored lad's manager will cover Griffin's forfeit to fight for no less than \$10,000 a side. Negotiations are now being made with the big boxing clubs of the country in regard to offering such a purse, but none of them will do anything about the matter till after Griffin has finished his contract with Jimmy Lynch. Griffin knows better than any one at what weight he can fight, and he told me at New Orleans that he would be at fight at 115 pounds. O'Rourke was figuring on securing a match for Dixon with Johnny Van Heest, but the backer of the latter saw Dixon fight Skelly, and he will not take the tempting bait that O'Rourke hung out for him. In other words, he is satisfied that the colored lad is too speedy for his boy, and he is looking for easier game. In fighting Griffin, the colored champion is going out of his class, but he has to in order to get on a match. There are only two men in his class that express a desire to meet him. One of them is Bobby Burns, but he is not ready yet to make such a contract. The other is Johnny Murphy, whom Dixon whipped easily at Providence. Murphy is conditionally posing forfeits and challenging Dixon, but he cannot get over \$2,500, and that is not a sufficient sum. No club will give him a purse to go against Dixon, as they regard it as a one-sided match. It is very doubtful if Murphy would step into a ring again with Dixon. He tried his best to get out of fighting Dixon before, and his own backers have repeatedly stated that it was only after lots of coaxing that they got him to go into the ring then with the colored champion. Murphy has a new excuse now for getting whipped by the colored lad. First he said he was dragged by certain parties, but now the reason he gives for his defeat is that Dixon came into the ring with his gloves on. Those who witnessed that mill

know how ridiculous that statement is, for the gloves were chosen after the men were in the ring, and Dixon had no chance to place a brick or horseshoe in his glove.

George Dixon has the best claim to a championship of any man in the ring. As a feather-weight he has been unexcelled and has always stood ready to defend his title wherever man and money stood ready to dispute it. He has met and beaten the champions of three continents. Dixon's record is an exceedingly brilliant one. He has had four draws with Hank Brennan and one with Cal McCarthy, but of late years he has carried everything before him. He is essentially a fighter, built like a pocket Hercules, quick on his feet as a squirrel, with a good eye, a clear head and a right and left that go out like regulated piston rods. He has won a ton of money in his day, though his percentage of his earnings have not been sufficient to make him independent of the ring as a wage earning institution.

Owing to the fact that Jack McCalliff's, the light-weight champion, victory was overshadowed by the big static contest, the champion did not receive the full measure of praise he was entitled to. McCalliff's victory over Billy Myer was just as important as Corbett's over Sullivan, in its class, because ever since Myer fought a draw at North Judson, Ind., the Western press have scored McCalliff as only a second-class pugilist. Upon the spirit of the Western press sporting men backed Myer with thousands of dollars, being confident that the Sireator Cyclone, as Myer was styled, would easily defeat McCalliff. Thousands who witnessed the battle had never seen the untested champion fight, but after he had won they pronounced McCalliff to be the best general and all round boxer they had ever seen in a prize ring. They were sorry that their bank accounts had been depleted in backing a boxer who fought so poorly as a candidate for the light-weight championship and \$50,000. McCalliff, by defeating Myer, demonstrated that he is the greatest light-weight fighter ever seen in this country since Billy Edwards held the title in 1877, and, with Dixon, McCalliff may be styled the static phenomenon of the country. McCalliff is the only light weight of this country from Barney Aaron's time, in 1867, that has ever stood in the prize ring and never had to lower his colors. For three years he held the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt against all comers until he won the trophy. McCalliff's success in the prize ring, both as champion amateur and professional, has been wonderful, and it is doubtful if there is a man his weight in the world to-day able to conquer him in a contest with gloves or bare knuckles. He still holds the light-weight championship of the world, and is ready to meet any man in the world, barring no color or clime.

Since James J. Corbett, the California Wonder, a title the POLICE GAZETTE gave him after he defeated Jake Kilrain in February, 1890, in New Orleans, La., has succeeded to the championship of America, he has been challenged by Joe Goddard, the champion of Australia; Peter Jackson, the Black Demon, and Charley Mitchell, England's champion boxer, to fight for the championship. Goddard has posted \$1,000 forfeit and claims that at the expiration of one month he will claim the title, if Corbett refuses to meet him.

Mitchell, so I am advised by cable, has posted \$500 with the Sporting Life in London, England, and challenged Corbett to fight for \$10,000, a purse of \$50,000 in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, for the championship of the world. Peter Jackson has not challenged Corbett to fight for any stipulated amount, neither has he put up a deposit, so the challenges of Goddard and Mitchell are the only two deeds, according to rule, that the American champion need pay any attention to. Corbett, I understand, has decided that he will not fight again for one year from September 7, 1892. Whether he will stand by this ultimatum or not I cannot say. Corbett has won the championship by defeating John L. Sullivan. By his victory he has become a great static star and a drawing card wherever he appears. No matter whether he re-enters the ring or retires upon his well won laurels, he can coin money from Maine to Oregon, for thousands will pay to see the only champion during a decade who succeeded in conquering John L. Sullivan, the champion of champions, a title the dethroned king affixed to his name. While it is true that Corbett can attract thousands to see him and do him homage in all parts of the country, it must be understood that there are other obligations Corbett must adhere to. The championship is not a title that after it is won belongs to the winner. There are rules and restrictions governing it and the holder can only keep it as long as he complies with these rules.

A champion must defend his title against all bona fide challengers. He need not accept every challenge issued by John Doe or Richard Roe unless the challenge is backed up with a forfeit to show that the challenger is in earnest. According to rules a holder of any championship must accept a challenge within thirty days after it is issued, but he need not contend for the title until six months expires from the day the match is arranged. Should Corbett stick to his resolve not to fight again for twelve months with the bona fide challenges of Joe Goddard and Charley Mitchell staring him in the face he is compelled to either accept one of them or else forfeit the championship. I think Corbett possesses too much pride to allow a foreign foe to throw down the gauntlet and refuse to pick it up. Corbett is too much of an American and no doubt will look after the country in a static way as he promised to do in his manly speech at his reception in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Sept. 12, 1892. Corbett cannot be afraid to again enter the arena against Goddard, Slavin, Jackson or Mitchell. No pugilist who defeated the once great John L. Sullivan should. Corbett can make a fortune in six months then fight Goddard or Mitchell, and if he is fortunate add over \$50,000 more to his exchequer, for the Olympic Club would put up at least a \$20,000 purse for a contest between Corbett and Mitchell.

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F. H., Albany, N. Y.—No.
J. S., Belleville, Ont.—Yes.
R. M. A., Demara, Iowa—No.
J. F. H., Pittston, Pa.—Twice.
F. B., Muskegon, Mich.—Yes.
SCOTT, Indianapolis, Ind.—No.
F. C., Indianapolis, Ind.—Yes.
L. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—B losses.
II. M. R., Indianapolis, Ind.—Yes.
J. S., Williston, N. D.—Three times.
M. S., Fall River, Mass.—1871 is correct.
II. E., Dallas, Texas—Seventy-five rounds.
READER, Burlington, Vt.—John L. Sullivan.
REX, Glendon, Pa.—He weighed 170 pounds.
R. J. D., Phoenixville, Pa.—We do not know.
T. A. W., Norfolk, Va.—John L. Sullivan's chest.
I. R., New York, N. Y.—I. Twenty-four. 2 No.
E. E. S., Medical Lake, Wash.—Seventy-five rounds.
T. J. C., Fall River, Mass.—Yes; but it was an unjust one.
G. F., Detroit, Mich.—1. Yea. 2. Yea. 3. Ten cents to \$1.50.
J. D., Richmond, Ind.—Yea; Jack Dempsey made that remark.
E. T., Washington, D.C.—Corbett is 26 years of age; Dixon is 31.
W. R. McC., Edwards, Cal.—We never made such a proposition.
G. L., New York, N. Y.—We do not know of any such institution.

R. & D., Quebec, Canada—Sullivan will be 34 years of age Oct. 15, 1892.

C. E. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—Yes; Fitzsimmons reduced several pounds.

J. F., Lincoln, Mass.—Jim Corbett never fought with Charley Mitchell.

W. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.—James J. Corbett and Charley Mitchell.

J. G., Milwaukee, Wis.—Sullivan weighed 194 lbs; Paddy Ryan 190 lbs.

J. J. McC., Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.—We have no record of such a battle.

B. W., Orangeburg, S. C.—John L. Sullivan is a married man and has a son.

W. F. G., Duluth, Minn.—B had \$1 in his pocket when the bet was agreed to.

A. A. R., Norfolk, Va.—Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" book on boxing.

SURSCRIBER, Ontario, Can.—Rev. Joseph T. Inman, 641 Broadway, N. Y. City.

G. H., Jacksonville, Fla.—John L. Sullivan has a brother. His name is Michael.

G. W., Johnston, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan's exact height is 5 feet 10 1/4 inches.

J. F., Cortland, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds.

D. A. E., Brighton, Ill.—No; but Peter Jackson challenged John L. Sullivan.

READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sullivan and Mitchell fought 25 rounds in France.

C. W. L., South Frankfort, Mich.—Yes, he fought George Full-james for that title.

J. R. B., Bucyrus, Ohio—No. 2. No. 3. In Duluth, Wis. 4. In San Francisco.

D. P., Ballston Spa, N. Y.—Neither would have won if the battle had been a draw.

J. P. M., Trenton, N. J.—Sullivan weighed 217 1/2 pounds when he fought Jake Kilrain.

D. C., Belmont, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett fought in a 24-foot ring.

J. D., Pittsburg, Pa.—John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett fought in a 24-foot ring.

E. H., Leadville, Col.—John L. Sullivan was not sick when he fought Charley Mitchell.

C. R., Rock Springs, Wyo.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought with bare knuckles.

J. R. C., Missoula, Mont.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass., on Oct. 15, 1868.

W. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—John L. Sullivan boxed with Joe Coburn on several occasions.

J. L., New York, N. Y.—No. 2. John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought a draw.

E. S. McC., La Grand, Ore.—A and B win; Sullivan and Kilrain did fight with bare knuckles.

G. B., Cairo, Ill.—James A. Hogan, of New Haven, Conn., in a glove contest in Providence, R. I.

J. H. F., Phila., Pa.—Three times; by James A. Hogan, Charley Mitchell and James J. Corbett.

J. McL., Unrichville, O.—Each party must receive the full amount of money which he posted.

J. A., New Bedford, Mass.—John L. Sullivan never knocked out Charley Mitchell or Jake Kilrain.

G. R., Fall River, Mass.—Sullivan has been knocked down three times during his prize ring career.

C. M. M., Rochester, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10 1/4 inches in height, and fights at 165 pounds.

E. E., Wheeling, W. Va.—Herbert A. Blade, the Maori, is not dead. He is living in Salt Lake City, Utah.

D. J. K., Rockvale, Cal.—1. Yea. 2. We cannot say. 3. John L. Sullivan always refused to fight a negro.

PHILIP, N. Y. City.—Send on a deposit and show you mean business and your challenge will be published.

C. M., Reno, Pa.—Certainly Corbett would have to either accept the challenge or give up the championship.

P. W., South Wilmington, Del.—1. No. 2. All battles in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, must be to a finish.

C. L. S., Tipton, Mo.—John L. Sullivan did not break his arm when he fought Charley Mitchell, March 10, 1888.

A. G. J., Newark, N. J.—Sullivan was 24 years of age when he won the championship by defeating Paddy Ryan.

S. H., Ohio, Neb.—Any pugilist can contend for the championship of America, no matter what may be his color.

L. S., Paterson, N. J.—1. The police interfered. 2. Yea; Sullivan's backers paid to have the fight with Mitchell a draw.

T. B., Dunkirk, N. Y.—It was the backer of John L. Sullivan who proposed a draw first when Sullivan fought Mitchell.

W. C., Tower, Minn.—1. a glove contest in Madison Square Garden, the referee decided that Dominick McCaffrey won.

J. O. K., Clearwater, Kan.—Jackson and Corbett fought 61 rounds in 4 hours 3 minutes at San Francisco, May 31, 1891.

A. D., Lockport.—Jake Kilrain never knocked John L. Sullivan down when they fought at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

E. J. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Jim Corbett fought for the championship of the world, and being victorious he holds that title.

L. P., Dixon, Mo.—Sullivan's backer did pay money to have Mitchell's seconds agree to a draw when they fought in France.

J. S. R., Sharon, Wis.—Bets on prize ring encounters follow the purse or stakes. If the fight is declared a draw all bets are off.

H. W. E. S., Kingston, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass. James J. Corbett was born in San Francisco, Cal.

J. F. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Jake Kilrain weighed 178 pounds when he fought John L. Sullivan. The latter weighed 217 1/2 pounds.

W. J. W., Jr., Tidoute, Pa.—At one time Sullivan did strike the heaviest blow, but Corbett can strike a heavier blow than Sullivan.

F. J. S., Tiffin, Ohio.—Sullivan never knocked out Paddy Ryan in New York. He did in Mississippi City, Miss., and in San Francisco.

N. W., New Richmond, Ind.—Certainly, if Jackson challenged Corbett the latter would have to fight or surrender the title of champion.

Zig Zag, Burlington, Iowa.—If the battle had ended in a draw then the bets on the contest would be off and each receive his money back.

G. S. K., Baltimore, Md.—Jim Corbett never knocked Jake Kilrain out. He defeated him in a six round glove contest in New Orleans.

G. W. G., Denver, Colo.—John L. Sullivan had his arm broken when he fought Fatsy Cardiff. Send \$1 and we will forward you Sullivan's colors.

W. H. C., Hudson, N. Y.—If you send 35 cents to this office we will mail you "The Life and Battles of John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan."

SURSCRIBER, Oxford, N. H.—1. In the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La. 2. Yea; George Le Blanche defeated Jack Dempsey in San Francisco, Cal.

T. A. R., Rapartee, Ill.—Yea; Kilrain and Corbett fought six rounds in the Southern Athletic Club, New Orleans. Corbett was declared the winner.

D. J. D., Birmingham, Ala.—Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson fought 61 rounds in the California Athletic Club, May 31, 1890. The fight ended in a draw.

M. E. L., Danville, Va.—George Dixon is the feather weight champion. 2. Bantam weight is a special class not recognized in championship prize rings.

D. C., Jackson, Mich.—Charley Mitchell knocked John L. Sullivan down when they fought in Madison Square Garden, New York, in a four round contest.

SURSCRIBER, Montreal, Canada.—1. 5 feet 10 1/4 inches. 2. Jim Smith and Frank P. Slavin fought with bare knuckles according to London prize ring rules.

E. J. D., Grand Forks, N. D.—Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan." It will give you full particulars of all his battles in the prize ring.

R. H. J., ————, Billy Myer and Jack McCalliff fought at North Judson, Ind., and the contest ended in a draw owing to McCalliff suffering from malaria.

E. G., Ogdenburg, N. J.—Neither; they never fought in Boston, Mass. They fought 8 rounds in Cincinnati, and the referee declared Sullivan the winner.

C. W. L., Lebanon, Kan.—Neither Sullivan or Mitchell weighed prior to their fight in France. Sullivan weighed over 200 pounds, Mitchell about 165 pounds.

J. M., Morgan City, La.—If you desire to arrange a diving contest send on \$100 forfeit and challenge. Challenges not accompanied by a deposit are seldom noticed.

W. E. W., Hornellsville, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan has been knocked down three times, by James A. Hogan of New Haven, Conn., Charley Mitchell and James J. Corbett.

T. M. D., Morris Run, Pa.—Peter Jackson and Joe Goddard fought eight rounds. The referee declared the contest a draw, although Goddard had decidedly the best of it.

J. S., New York, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889, when they fought for the "Police Gazette" belt and \$25,000.

J. J. McM., Elmira, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan first won the championship when he fought Paddy Ryan for \$2,500 a side, an outside bet of \$1,000 a side in Mississippi City, Miss., February 7, 1885.

G. C., Marshall, Wis.—John L. Sullivan held the championship from 1889 to 1890, when Jake Kilrain gained the title, Sullivan again won the championship on July 8, 1889, and held it until September 7, 1892.

W. L. H., Ennis, Texas.—Richard K. Fox never backed John L. Sullivan. He offered to match him against Jim Smith, the champion of England, in 1885, and later against Frank P. Slavin for \$25,000 a side.

READER, Wickes, Mont.—John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain for \$25,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world. Sullivan won and held the title until he was defeated by James J. Corbett.

H. W. H., Chambersburg, Pa.—John L. Sullivan was knocked down in Providence, R. I., by James A. Hogan; in Madison Square Garden, New York, by Charley Mitchell, and in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, by Jim Corbett.

N. B.—On account of the great number received, correspondents will please be a little patient if they do not see their answer in immediately. The answers will be given in regular order.

JOHNNY REAGAN'S BACKER POSTS \$500 TO FIGHT JIM BUTLER.

Johnny Reagan and his backer Billy Reid, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and Reagan left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1892.

Frank White is gaining considerable notoriety by trying to make the public believe that he has money and is eager to lose some of it by backing Jim Butler to fight me. Butler informed me that he did not want to fight, and that White was using his name in vain, nevertheless, White's challenges continue to find space in the newspapers.

Now to show up White and his alleged fighter, I will fight Butler for any amount from \$2,500 a side and upwards according to "Police Gazette" rules, in the Coney Island Athletic Club. I am in business and not compelled to fight, and there has got to be something at the end of the string when I fight. Now if White can find Butler all the money he wants for Butler to fight me as he claims he will cover the \$500 Billy Reid, my backer, has posted and name a day to arrange a match. To show I mean business, if White cannot find \$2,500 for his champion I will fight for \$1,500 a side, providing the Coney Island Athletic Club will guarantee a \$2,500 purse. Money talks, and it is a tannery against a shoe string Frank White will not put up for Butler because he has not got \$25 to bet, let alone \$1,000.

JOHNNY REAGAN.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

LONDON, September 20, 1892.

Bill Baxter called at the "Sporting Life" to-day and issued a challenge to fight George Dixon, the colored feather weight champion of the world, at 8 stone 6 lbs. for 2500 or 21,000 a side and the largest purse offered, and the featherweight championship of the world. Weight eight hours before fighting. Baxter's backers will agree that Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder.

If Dixon does not accept the challenge is open to any feather weight in the world.

Charley Mitchell has deposited a forfeit of 2500 and renewed his challenge to fight Jim Corbett the champion of the world, for \$10,000 a side and a purse of 24,000 in Olympic Club in February.

Mitchell says Corbett must fight within six months or forfeit the championship.

ATEINSON.

August Schmidt, alias Xavier Orofsky, the champion broadswordman of Germany, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$250 and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1892.

RICHARD K. FOX—Having read several challenges from Capt. Brian E. Lynn, the champion broadswordman of Connecticut, I wish to inform Lynn that I will arrange a match to fight a mounted broadsword contest, thrusting barred, best eighteen points out of thirty, according to "Police Gazette" revised rules, for \$500 a side and the championship of America, and will agree upon William E. Harding filing the position of referee. Now, to show I mean match-making, I have deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and shall be prepared to meet the Connecticut champion any time he names at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match and sign articles. If Lynn does not accept, the challenge is open to any broadsword expert in the world.

XAVIER OROFSKY, Champion of Germany.

"Police Gazette" Ranning Shoes. The Best in the Market. No. 1. English Spiked. No. 2. Finest American. No. 3. English Spiked. No. 4. Finest Imported. All the best Shoes Made. 25. Sent by Express on receipt of above price.

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WELL-KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.



THE KILLING OF LIZZIE PEAK.
HER LOVER, WESLEY WARNER, DRIVES A KNIFE INTO THE GIRL'S NECK, A WOUND FROM WHICH SHE
DIES ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, AT MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.



FOUND HIS WIFE IN A DIVE.
MRS. JOHN DOHM, WIFE OF A LOUISVILLE, KY., SALOONKEEPER, LEAVES HER HOME
TO LEAD A LIFE OF SHAME IN CINCINNATI.



HOWARD TRUMP,
A GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., GENTLEMAN AND SPORT, WELL-KNOWN AS
AN ATHLETE OF ABILITY AND MERIT.



MISS HATTIE LESLIE,

THE LATE CHAMPION FEMALE BOXER OF THE WORLD, WHO DIED IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., ON SEPT. 24.

OUR FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS.

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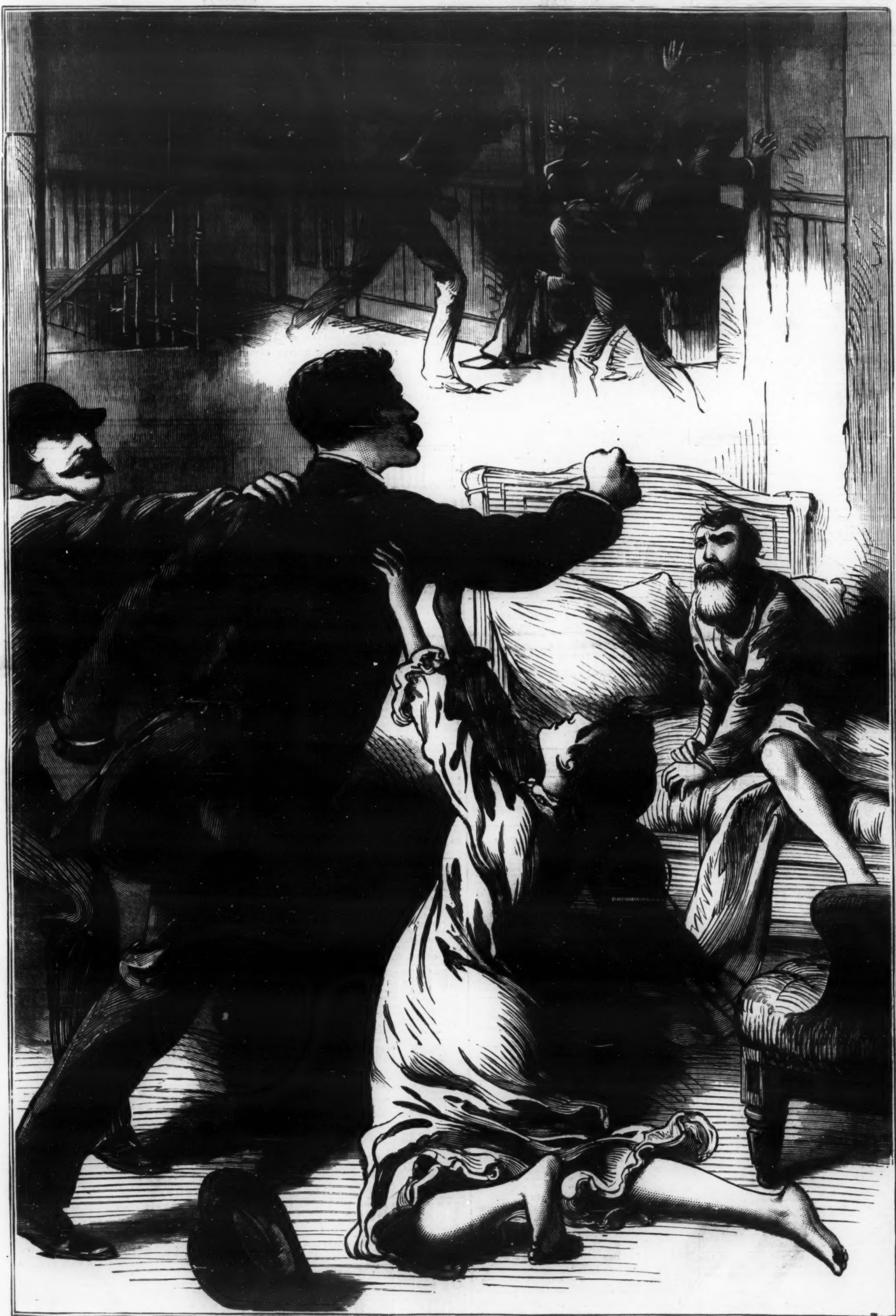
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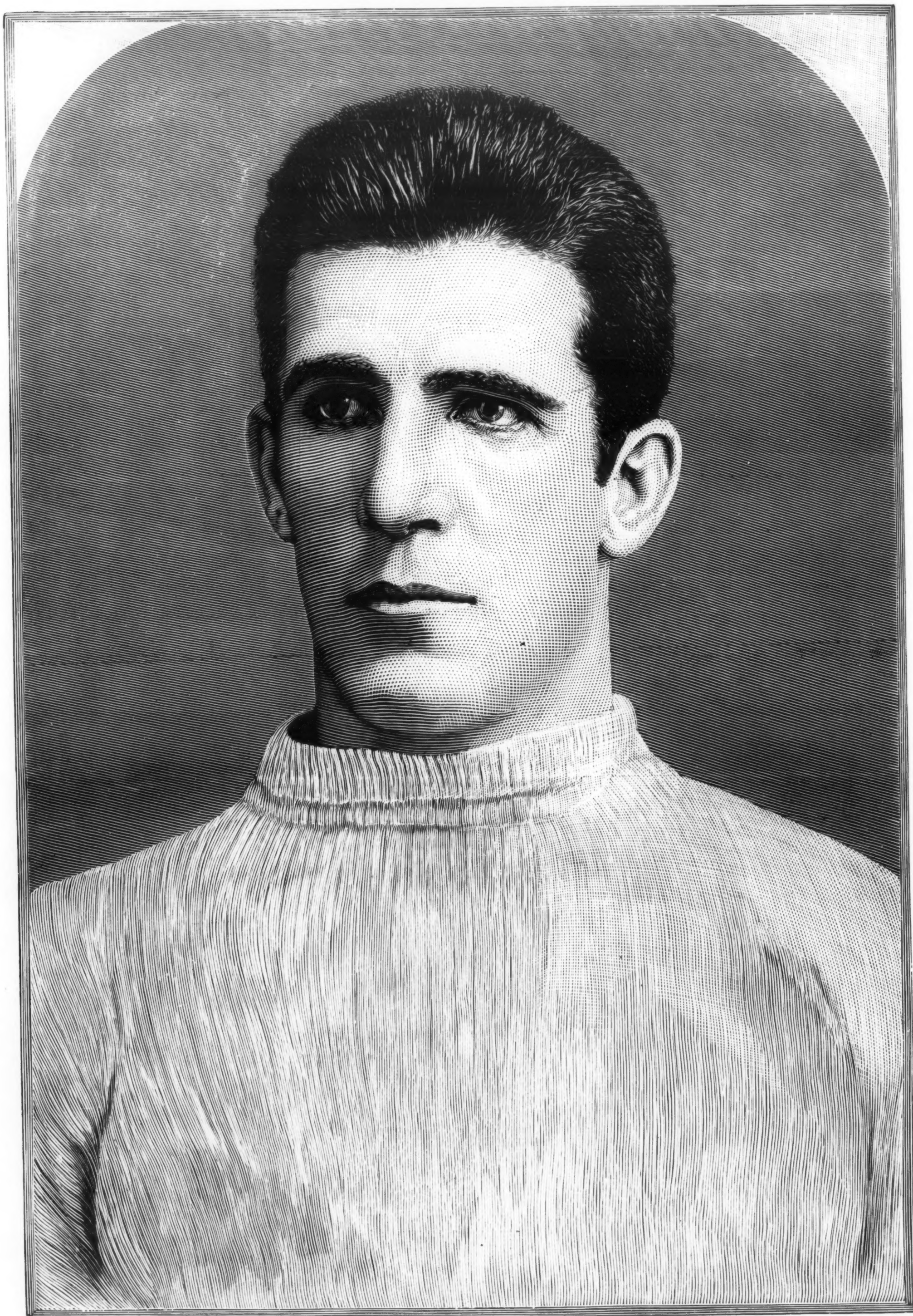
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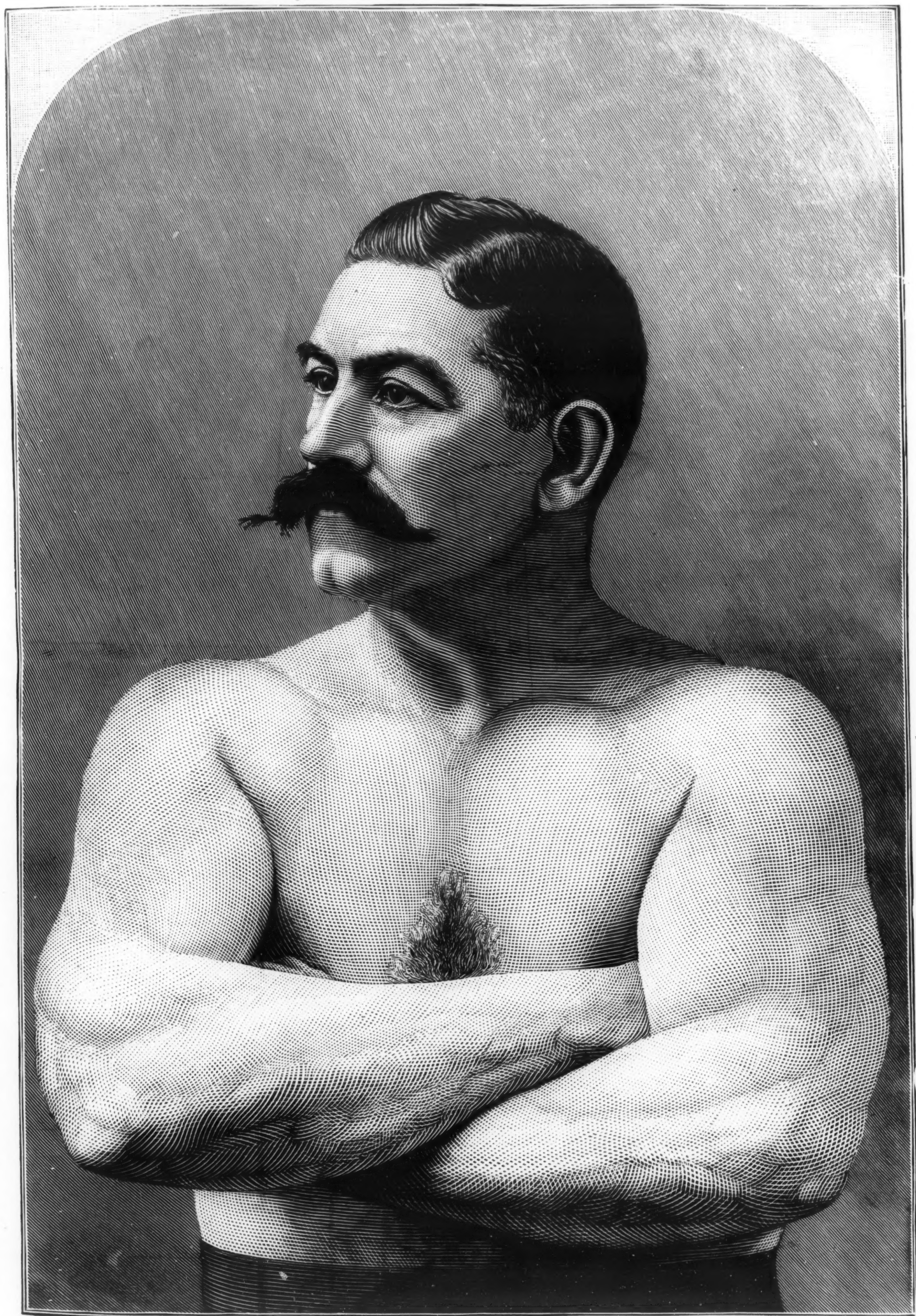


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